AUNT·PHEBE ·UNCLE·TOM· AND·OTHERS

ESSIE·COLLINS·MATTHEWS

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AUNT PHEBE, UNCLE TOM AND OTHERS

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WESTON CHAPEL, HAGLEY PLANTATION, WACCAMAW, S. C.

One of the most notable chapels of the South, in which religious instruction was given to slaves. Graves of slaves are shown in the foreground.

AUNT PHEBE, UNCLE TOM AND OTHERS

CHARACTER STUDIES AMONG THE OLD SLAVES OF THE SOUTH, FIFTY YEARS AFTER

By

Essie Collins Matthews

Illustrated from Photographs Made by the Author in the Cabins and on the Plantations

The Champlin Press

COLUMBUS, OHIO
MCMXV

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Feb. 19 1917
II

To
My Father, James H. Collins,
Who was neither blinded by prejudice, nor
led away by popular opinion,
and to
My Husband, the Rev'd John R. Matthews,
Who loves the Southern people,
I dedicate
This poor attempt to picture a Truth
not understood
in the North.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

For aid in the preparation of this book, recognition should be given, first of all, to Mr. Osman C. Hooper for the arrangement and editing of the material; to Rev. Giles Cooke for the use of the old gray coat and permission to publish the poem by his nephew; to Forbes & Company for permission to use several quotations from their charming book, Ben King's "Southland Melodies"; to the Century Company for the quotations from Irwin Russell's "Christmas Night in the Quarters," spoken of as the first echo from the old South; to Miss Rosa Du Bose, who gave me material written by her brother and who herself wrote about the social life in the canebrake of Alabama, and to many others whose kind information has helped me to know about the old servants, their religious training and their home life. The letters to the Editor of the Southern Churchman, in regard to the religious training of the slaves, have made it possible for me to find old chapels built for them by their masters and to learn more than I should otherwise have known.

THE AUTHOR.

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FOREWORD

HALF a century after slavery ceased to exist in this country, there are in the South, not only members of many families in which the institution existed, but also many negro men and women whose most pleasant recollections are of those days before the war when they belonged to somebody and felt no responsibility except for the tasks at which they labored. Between the white masters and mistresses and their negro slaves, in a vast number of cases, there grew up an affection which was as enduring as life itself. Neither the war nor emancipation lessened it, and when the strife ended with the surrender of the armies of the South, thousands of the negroes, though slaves no longer, lingered with their former masters, working for them and sharing their misfortunes. The freedom the war had brought to them was not of their seeking. Those who gave it were strangers, and freedom itself was strange and uninviting. Rather than go out into the unknown, they chose to stay with those whom they had come to know as friends and protectors. They stayed and served with fidelity, under the new order of things, and in turn were treated with the kindness,

affection and justice that are characteristic of the Southern people.

In this book there is an effort to present as they have not hitherto been presented, the conditions as they exist today on some of the typical plantations of the South. Former slaves have been sought out and photographed as they were found in and out of their cabin homes, and a little of the history of each of these interesting and often pathetic figures has been given. In nearly all of them there is a glimpse of a surpassing human affection and loyalty—a something that gilds the meanness of attire, the humbleness of the home and the lack of mental vision. Surely, if these former slaves have missed something that the younger members of their race enjoy, they have graces that those born to freedom do not always show.

The efforts at religious instruction among the negroes by the Episcopal and other Christian churches are an interesting study. Great credit is due to the clergy and masters of the South for zeal in bringing the Gospel to these people during the days of their slavery. The masters built and maintained chapels, and the clergymen preached in the simplest possible language so that the message could be understood. The sermons that are reproduced will show how they did it; the effect is found in the religious ecstasy of their hearers, as expressed in their lives, their worship, their speech, their memorizing of chapters in the Bible and their hymns of praise, simple in structure and typical of the productions of all primitive peoples.

A glimpse, too, is afforded in these pages of the social life of the negroes in slavery times. That life is

a part of the story that these survivors of slavery will tell you, if you talk with them; and its incidents are among their most pleasant memories.

"Aunt Phebe," "Uncle Tom," "Black Mammy," "Uncle Gus," "Aunt Jonas," "Uncle Isom" and all the rest—who shall speak all your virtues or enshrine your simple faith and fidelity? It is as impossible as it is to describe the affection showered upon you by those whom you called "Marster" and "Mistus." The author will be content if she has herein told and pictured something of the sweetness and beauty of it all and made for today and tomorrow a record of a phase of American life that is nearly spent.

E. C. M.

Columbus, Ohio.

SLAVERY IN AMERICA

IT is important, in making any estimate of slavery in America, to get the Southern viewpoint. To that end the following from J. W. Du Bose's "History of Alabama," will be helpful:

"Slavery was very early introduced into the colonies of America, and it existed in all of them at the close of the Revolutionary war. The question of slavery was fully and freely discussed by those who made the Constitution of the United States. If it had not been fully understood that white people might own negro slaves, the States would not have agreed to form a Union.

"The people of the North gradually sold off their slaves because, in their climate of long winters, negro labor could not be used profitably. For a long time after this, however, New England vessels continued to bring negroes from Africa to be sold into slavery in the Southern States.

"The ten millions of negroes in the United States place a great responsibility upon the government. In the earliest history of the country, ships from Africa were unloading savage negroes upon American shores, to be sold into slavery and to be schooled in the arts of peace. Whatever may have been the evils of slavery,

contact with white masters and their families has been the most civilizing and uplifting influence that ever came to the negroes in all ages. Booker Washington has said: 'We went into slavery pagans; we came out Christians. We went into slavery a piece of property; we came out American citizens. We went into slavery without a language; we came out speaking the proud Anglo-Saxon tongue.'

"Business and humanity combined to make masters kind to their negroes and regardful of their welfare. The conduct of the negroes during the war between the States proves their love and devotion to the whites—a love too strong to have grown out of bad treatment. The old slaves protected and supported white women and children while the white men were away in the armies. There was no fear of insurrection. Masters trusted the negroes, and the negroes proved equal to the trust.

"The changed condition of master and slave at the close of the war was, in the main, gracefully accepted by both races. The tender ties that bound them were too strong to be broken by any order of men or nations.

"The old plantation left its sweet memories in the hearts of both whites and blacks—memories so deeply implanted that the misguided efforts of politicians, pulpits, magazines and newspapers have failed to destroy them. The affection of the older generations will hold until death, and the younger generation will not wholly forget the courtesies of the olden time."

The tie of love that bound the black man to the white man has never been understood in the North, and it never will be. The same love will never again bind the two races together. Governor Allston, of South Carolina, put up marble monuments in memory of faith-

ful servants. The inscription upon one of them reads:

IN MEMORY
OF
MY SERVANT, THOMAS,
CARPENTER.
HONEST AND TRUE,
HE DIED, AS FOR FORTY YEARS
HE HAD LIVED,
MY FAITHFUL FRIEND.
1850.

A good master, in Alabama, left in his will, a home for all of his old slaves. As long as any of them live, the plantation cannot be sold, and each negro must be provided with a home, food, clothing and a physician to care for him when ill.

The living negroes, who were reared in slavery, will tell you that their masters were their best friends and that the happiest years of their lives were "befo' de wah." Said one: "Befo' de wah, eberthing was free, our clo'es, our cabins an' plenty t' eat. Now, we has to pay fer eberthing, unless we steals it." The old slaves who have died left a similar testimony behind.

No doubt, there were some cruel masters. So are there cruel husbands and fathers, and everywhere and under all conditions one finds wickedness and cruelty. Harriet Beecher Stowe did not tell all the truth, as anybody at any time in the last fifty years could have found out. The suppressed part of the truth of slavery days was good and beautiful, and it is well, in justice, to know and proclaim it.

On many of the large plantations, it was the mistress who was the real slave. Her life was filled with care and responsibility. It was she who saw that things were ready for the new-born babe and that the mother had good care and proper food. It was she who saw to it that there was enough for all to eat and wear. It

was she who prepared the bride for the wedding, who visited the sick, going from cabin to cabin at all hours of the day and night, and it was usually she who told the dying of the Saviour and prayed that their souls might be saved and who, when death came, comforted the loved ones left behind.

The history of slavery is full of evidence that the typical master did not regard the negro as a mere piece of property. He recognized him as a human being committed to his care. He believed that the black man had a soul to save and sought to save it. He rejoiced in his health and happiness, cared for him when sick and shared his sorrows. He did not apply to him the word slave, but called him a servant, instead, and referred to his negroes collectively as "my people." The separation of members of the same negro family has been made a conspicuous part of the indictment against the masters of the South. The fact is that such separation was rarely intentional on the part of the master and generally resulted from his business failure or the insolvency of his estate at death.

The slaves took great pride in the social and financial standing of their masters. If the master were rich and influential, they assumed for themselves a standing higher than the slaves of one of less wealth and lower social rank. Not only did they draw these distinctions, emphasized with the snub, but among slaves of the same plantation there were aristocrats—the "Black Mammy," the driver, the butler and others whose duties brought them into the closer relations to the master, the mistress and other members of the family. Moreover, a slave acquired by purchase was always looked down upon by those who were born on the plantation and especially by those who could trace their lineage back through several generations of the same service.

If there were no other evidence of the care and kind treatment of the slaves by their masters, it would

be found in the sturdy constitution and the long life vouchsafed to many of them. Had they lacked wholesome food or adequate care or had they been broken-down by overwork, there would not be so many of them living, as these lines are written, at ages running from eighty to more than a hundred.

"AUNT PHEBE"

MANY years ago, Rev. William Ramsey and his two daughters, Miss Polly and Miss Nancy, were passengers on a Mississippi river steamer, north from New Orleans. On the same boat was a slave merchant, with a lot of negroes he had just brought from Africa. Among the latter was a child to whom the Misses Ramsey became very much attached and whom they begged their father to buy for them. He did so, and they took the girl to their home in Missouri and named her Prudy Ramsey. The negro girl was reared in a Christian home and became an excellent woman. She married a slave by the name of Perkers and bore him three children—Robert, Phebe and Elizabeth.

After the death of Rev. Mr. Ramsey, his daughters moved, in 1850, to Fairview, Guernsey county, Ohio. They might have sold Aunt Prudy and her two daughters—and the proceeds of the sale would have been a great help, in view of their straitened circumstances—but, following the wish of their father and their own inclinations, they brought the negroes to Ohio, where the latter at once became free. The change, however, made no difference in the relations of the five. The three negroes were the most devoted servants of the Misses Ramsey. Death came, taking first one of the white mistresses, then "Aunt Prudy," then the remaining mistress and soon afterwards "Aunt Betty." Thus "Aunt Phebe" was left alone, the owner of all that her mistresses had left. It was then that I made her acquaintance and photographed her. She was not posed, but left alone till she forgot the presence of anybody else and seemed dreaming of the time when she would meet her loved ones in Paradise. The picture has been exhibited in the photographic salons of Europe and America and admired for the expression of an abiding faith.

"Aunt Phebe"

"Dey am sho'ly singin' yander
At de gates ob Parydise."

THE "BLACK MAMMYS"

BLACK MAMMY was a favorite term of endearment for the faithful slaves of Southern households. They were, many of them, transformed from savagery by Christian masters who consented to slavery because they felt that that was the only way of Christianizing the Africans. A Southern lady writes: "I look back to the one who cared for my mother, as one of the tenderest and gentlest spirits I ever knew, with that quietness of manner which evidences the 'moderation' that, we are told in Scripture, means self-possession, the control of one's own powers. I knew a Virginia 'Mammy' to whose fine character her master said he attributed much of the high character of his children. I have seen her, with quiet dignity, still instantly the rollicking spirits of a set of young brothers just entering manhood, by beginning to sing the hymn, 'How firm a foundation,' they sitting respectfully quiet till she had finished; and we knew she had purposely not chosen a short hymn."

The "Black Mammy" shown on the opposite page is resting at night in her cabin, which was always within calling distance of the "mansion."

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RESTING AT HER OWN FIRESIDE

"MAMMY TEMPSIE"

THIS "Black Mammy" was the slave of Mrs. Horace Ives, of North Carolina, and helped her mistress nurse the sick and dying soldiers. While I was making this picture, she said: "God spoke peace to my soul thirty years ago. I can never forget when God spoke in my heart at break of day. Thank you, Jesus! Even the wind and the trees seemed to say, 'Thank you, Jesus!' When God converts a soul, He does not make them foolish." "Black Mammy" prayed that she might be able to read one chapter in the Bible—and she can read one chapter in Revelations, though it cannot be said whether she remembers it from having heard it read, or her prayer was really answered.

She is still "mammy" in the family of Mrs. W., who lives on a large plantation near Grifton, North Carolina. Her left arm is paralyzed, but she is still eager to serve, is tenderly cared for by her mistress and is loved and respected by all who know her. Her long association with people of culture and refinement has left its impress, and she is herself both dignified and refined.

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"Black Mammy"
Tempsie Staton, North Carolina.

"AUNT CYNTHIA"

CYNTHIA was formerly the slave of Mr. Wooten, Greenville, N. C. When she had agreed to let me take her picture, she asked me to allow her to sing her favorite hymn while I was getting ready. I gladly consented, and she gave me a treat which I wish I could reproduce, melody and all. But I can only give the words, with an attempt at her rich dialect:

"We hab liahs in our country,
In our homes,
An' in our chu'ches, too.
Nebbah yo' min' 'bout stra't'nin' it,
God said He'd stra't'n it
Bettah dan you.
Nebbah yo' min' 'bout stra't'nin' it,
God said He'd stra't'n it
Bettah dan you."

CYNTHIA WOOTEN

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"MAMMY" MARY HARRIS

THIS "Black Mammy," who was the slave of Mr. Charles Greene, Greenville, North Carolina, is one hundred years old. She nursed one of her master's children in 1832 and was at least seventeen or eighteen years old at that time. She is the mother of six children and five generations of the family are represented among the living. Several of her great-great-grandchildren are eight or ten years old. Her health, when this picture was taken, was fairly good, and she readily walked a half mile to see her friends. Her father was one hundred and four when he died.

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MARY HARRIS

The "Black Mammy" slaves were among those whose emotions found frequent expression in hymns or songs, composed and sung in a fashion all their own. Here are some, created by a black mammy, and given to me by one of the children whom she reared. She was accustomed to sing them in a weird and mournful tone:

"Pray, chilun, pray! Oh, pray to de Lord
Till yo' soul cross ober—pray, oh, pray!
Oh, de chilun in de victory—
Pray, chilun, pray! Oh, pray to de Lord!
Ole Satan's mad wid me, chilun in de victory,
Because my Lord set my soul free,
Oh, chilun in de victory!
Pray, chilun, pray! Oh, pray to de Lord!"

"Long time, sister, sense I saw yo',
Long time askin' yo' to follow de Lord!
Don't yo' hear de littl' archangels?
Come to de Lord an' seek salvation!
Don't yo' hear de littl' archangels?
Turn to de Lord and be new born agin!"

"Lightnin' flash, an' yo' will not come,
Yo' won't come, sinner, an' yo' won't come!
Thunder crash, an' yo' will not come,
Yo' won't come, sinner, an' yo' won't come!
Yo' won't come an' yo' won't come,
Yo' won't come, sinner, an' yo' won't come,
Yo' won't come, sinner, an' yo' won't come!
He took my feet out de mirey clay
An' he set it on de sure side ob Jordan,
An' he set it on de sure side ob Jordan.
Oh, Adam! Oh, Adam! Oh, Adam!
Adam am a dyin' man!
Oh, Adam! Oh, Adam! Oh, Adam!
Adam am a dyin' man!"

"Jesus rides a milk-white horse,
An' no man can hinder.
He rides all roun' de Christian heart,
An' no man can hinder.
Ride on, King Jesus,
An' no man can hinder.
Oh, ride on, King Jesus,
An' no man can hinder."

"Dark clouds am risin',
Poor sinner stan's a-tremblin'—
Oh, yondah comes my Jesus now,
Don't yo' want him in youah soul?
At las', at las', at las'.
An' by-an'-by, free grace, free grace, free grace,
Po' mourner fin's a home by-an'-by.
Pray hard, pray hard, pray hard,
An' bow low, bow low, bow low.
Po' mourner fin's a home at las'."

Early in de mornin' when I rise,
Early in de mornin' when I rise,
Early in de mornin' when I rise,
Gib me Jesus,
Gib me Jesus,
Gib me Jesus!
Yo' may hab all dis worl', but gib me Jesus;
Yo' may hab all dis worl', but gib me Jesus;
Yo' may hab all dis worl', but gib me Jesus!
Gib me Jesus,
Gib me Jesus,
Gib me Jesus!
Oh, when I come ter die, Oh, gib me Jesus;
Oh, when I come ter die, Oh, gib me Jesus;
Oh, when I come ter die, Oh, gib me Jesus!
Gib me Jesus,
Gib me Jesus,
Gib me Jesus!"

CAROLINE LAWSON

Judge Tayloe's "Black Mammy," standing on the "gallery" of the plantation house.

WINDSOR PLANTATION

THROUGH the kindness of Judge William H. Taylor, it was possible to visit his magnificent estate in Marengo county, Alabama, and make photographs of the old servants who never left their homes after the "surrender." There were many of these, and it has been possible to reproduce here only a few of the most interesting types, the subjects having stood before the camera just when and where they were found. In talking with them, I was struck by their affection for "Marse Willie," whose father, Captain Henry Tayloe, was their old master. As one, Judge Tayloe's "Black Mammy," said, "I was borned wid de Tayloes an' I will die wid de Tayloes." Five generations of many of the old negroes have lived with five generations of the Tayloes, and those who survive will have their homes, their food and good care until they shall have passed into the Great Beyond.

It was necessary to drive to "Uncle Tom's" cabin. He was found feeding his pigs, but he kindly permitted an interruption of his task until his picture could be taken. Near his cabin is a neat structure which we were told is the school for the negro children on the plantation. The teacher wished a picture made, and some of the children, eager to make as good an appearance as possible, borrowed a comb and a small looking-glass from "Uncle Tom." But the hour was late and, when

the eighty children had grouped themselves in position, it was impossible to make a good picture; the exposure was a failure.

Soon after our return to the plantation house, the large bell rang for the men to quit work, and shortly a long procession of negroes and mules appeared. Each driver removed the harness from his team, and every mule had a good roll. It was amusing to see so many mules rolling and kicking up their heels. Mules and poll-parrots seem to be born humorists. Everything a mule does appears to be a joke, and he looks as if he intended it to be such. It is the same with parrots; their talk is witty, and they know it is. After the roll, the mules all went to a large trough for a drink, and then each to his stall where his feed was ready for him.

The plantation is admirably kept and managed, and it is difficult to realize that its several thousand acres were once a wilderness of canebrake. The work on it is done, if memory serves, by about four hundred negroes, directed by a number of overseers.

We had supper in the old home of Captain Henry Tayloe—a real Southern supper amid surroundings suggestive of the old times. The logs burned brightly in the old-fashioned fire-place, and the negro women, with their heads tied in bright-colored bandannas, made a scene fascinating to one who had never before visited a plantation.

We shortly started for Uniontown. A long drive through the plantation, a short trip by train, and we were back in Judge Tayloe's luxurious home, grateful to the judge and his wife and to the overseer, Mr. Crawford, for an interesting and happy day.

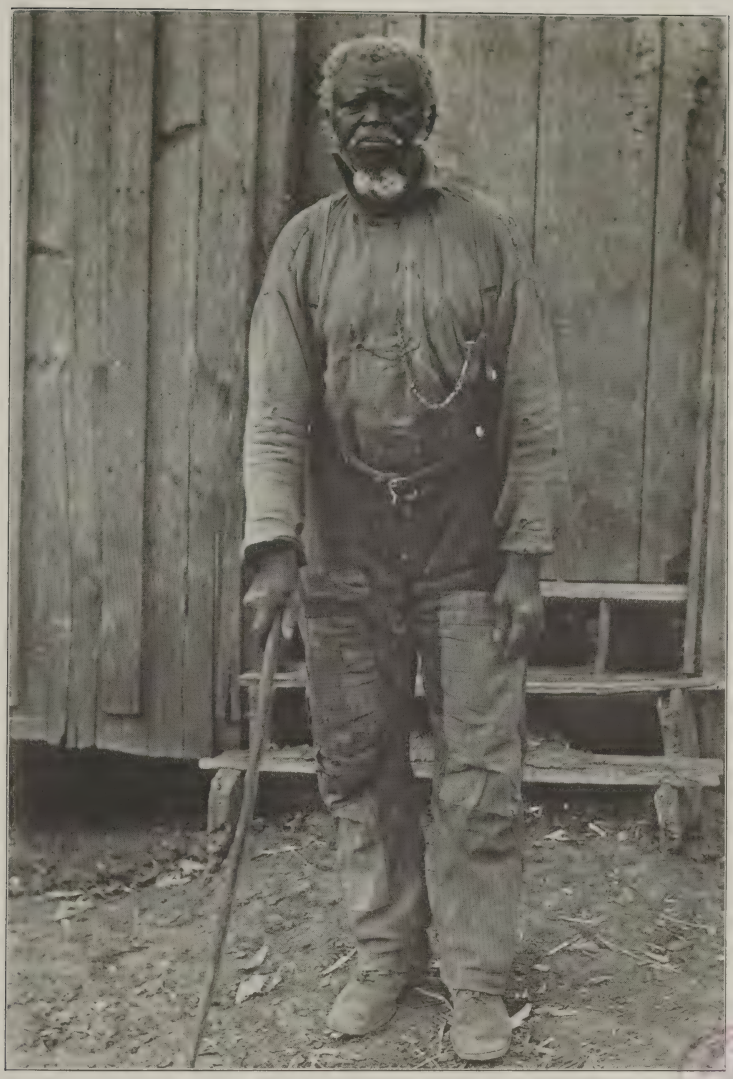
"Aunt Charlotte"

"Aunt Charlotte Anne" Lawson, is one of the Windsor Plantation characters. She was the slave of Captain Henry Tayloe, and was eighty years old when the picture was taken.

"UNCLE TOM" BROWN

UNCLE TOM was born in Essex county, Virginia, the slave of Captain H. A. Tayloe. In 1840, he was taken to the Windsor Plantation and has lived there ever since. He will tell you of the immense forests of high cane that filled the country when he arrived, and of the game of all kinds that was found therein. He was always an unusual negro, and after the war he was put in charge of the western third of the place. When he was too old for that task, he rented part of it as long as he was able to work. Now he is almost a pensioner upon the owner of the plantation, though he is never idle and does all that his strength will permit.

Though he is of superior intelligence, events have made small impression upon him. He does not recollect the falling of the stars in '33, nor Halley's comet of '35, nor any other event that would enable one to trace his history. The name of no President lingers in his memory. In the course of a considerable conversation with him, the only public event that I found fixed in his mind was the "surrender." Yet that made no substantial change in his life. Though free, he has always lived where he was a slave, and has rarely left the confines of the plantation. He loves it because to its development he has given the best that he had. He found it nearly a wilderness: today, from his cabin door, he looks out upon fields of oats and alfalfa and upon other fields that are broken for the cotton and the corn. In spite of his century of years, "Uncle Tom" seems to be all happiness and content and to face the future without a fear.



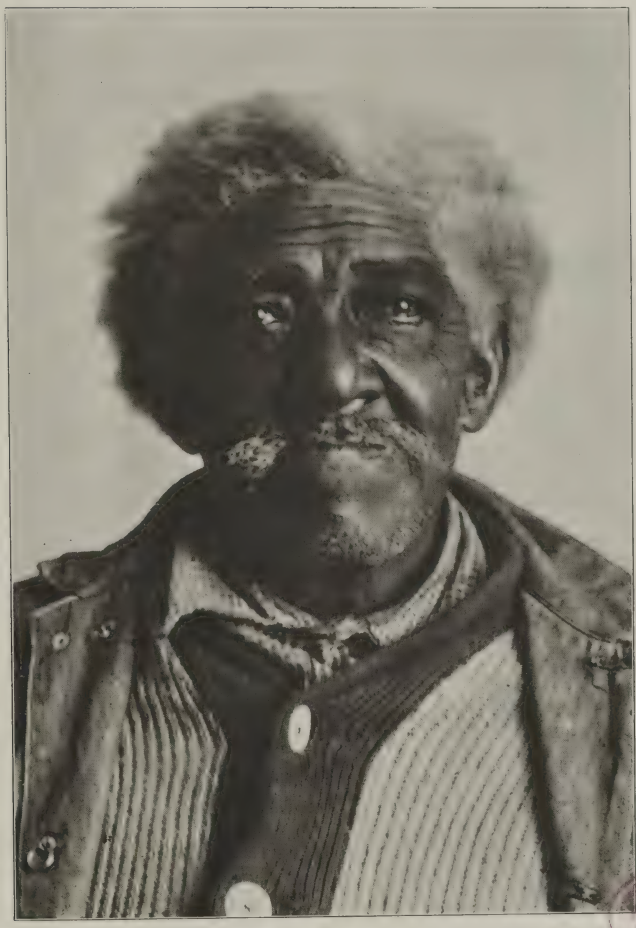
"Uncle Tom" Brown

"UNCLE ISOM"

UNCLE ISOM COLE was born twelve miles from Halifax Court House, Virginia, in 1825. When he was twelve years old, he was sold by his master, Colonel Richard Edmondson, to James Williamson, a speculator. His sister, Bettie, was sold at the same time to another speculator, and they were separated never to see or hear of each other again. The boy was driven to Alabama in a herd of ninety-nine negroes and twenty-five race-horses, the party traveling at the rate of twenty-five miles a day. At Uniontown he was sold for $600 to Colonel James S. Price who, five years later, refused an offer of $2,000 for him. He learned to plait hats of rice, wheat and oat straw and, in his prime, could pick 400 pounds of cotton in a day, or split 225 rails, or put up a cord of wood. His master gave him the waste of the trees which he sold to the people of Uniontown (then called Woodville) for $1 a cord.

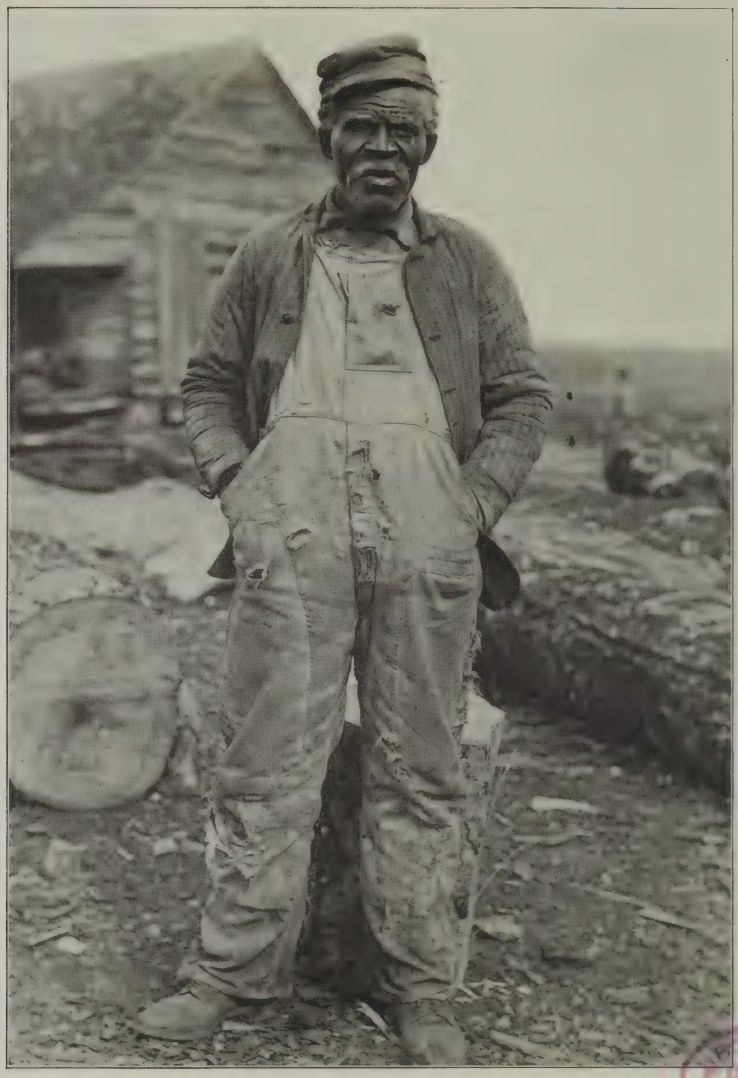
"Uncle Isom's" religious experiences covered a period of more than sixty years. At his conversion he was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Fox, a white minister, and on the same occasion, assisted the minister in baptizing twenty-five other negroes. Until his death, a short time ago, he was a member of the First Colored Baptist Church of Uniontown, which has a membership of two thousand.

"Uncle Isom" prepared the grave for his master, Colonel Price, who died two years after the "surrender," and he attended the funeral in Masonic regalia, consisting of a chapeau and baldric furnished him by the "white folks."



"Uncle Isom"

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



"Uncle Dick"

He was another of the slaves of Ogle Tayloe, and at eighty-two, is still on the Windsor Plantation, whither he was brought early in life.

"Uncle John"

He was another of the slaves that Mr. Ogle Tayloe took from Maryland to the Windsor Plantation. He died there recently at the age of ninety-two.

LIBRARY

"Uncle Jim"

"Uncle Jim" Lawson was born in Ward County, Maryland, the slave of Mr. Ogle Tayloe. He was taken to Alabama twenty years before the war and placed upon the Windsor Plantation, where he still lives and works for Judge William H. Tayloe. He is ninety-four years old.

"Uncle Mose"

"Uncle Mose" Robertson was another of the Maryland-born slaves of Mr. Ogle Tayloe, and his history is like that of "Uncle Jim." He was ninety years old when the picture was taken.

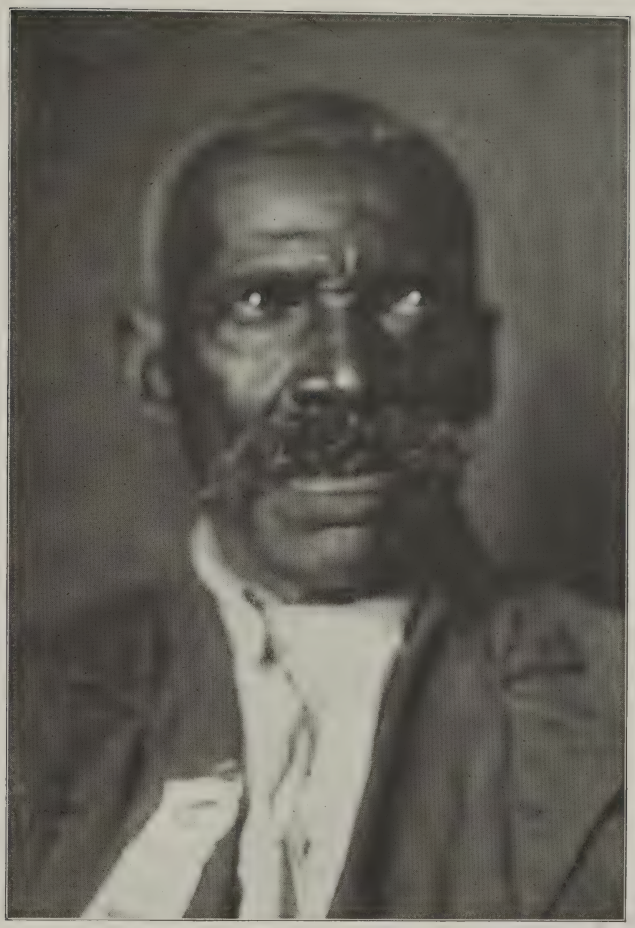
"UNCLE GUS"

UNCLE GUS was born about 1830 on the farm of Mrs. Easter Blount in Pitt county, North Carolina, and as slave or freeman served there till 1895. With her and her son, Dr. Elias Brown, who managed the farm, he was a great favorite. In 1873, Dr. Blount, who was six years his senior, died in "Uncle Gus's" arms. Ten years later, the widow died and "Uncle Gus" stayed on to care for an afflicted son.

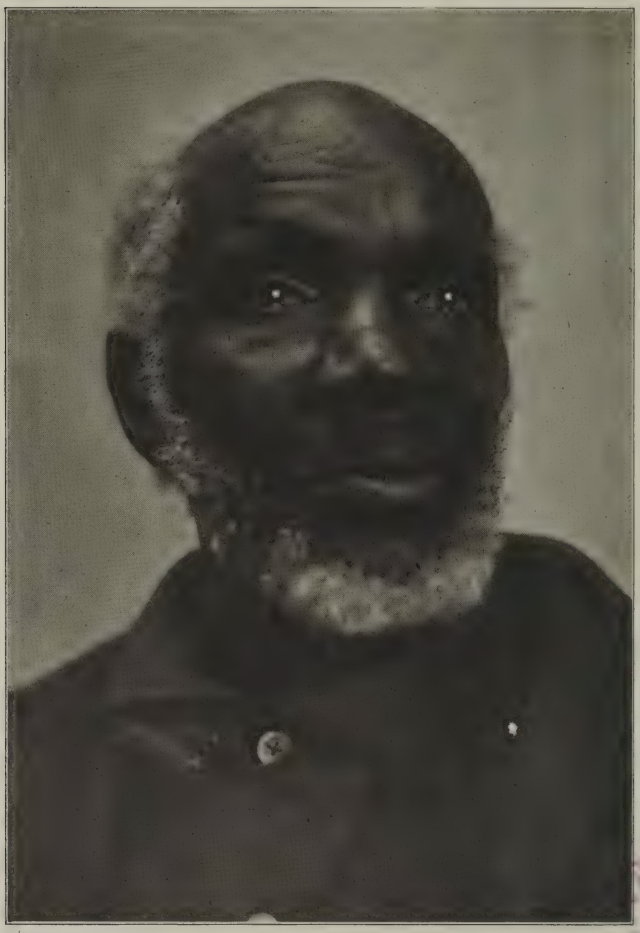
"Uncle Gus" served in the Confederate army, first as bodyguard of the doctor's brother, General Richard Blount. After the capture of the latter at Fort Macon, "Uncle Gus" went home, subsequently returning to the fighting line and serving sometimes as teamster and at other times in the ranks. He was in several battles, and was with the army of General Johnston at the time of the surrender. He tells with pride of having once held General Jackson's horse and how, during the battles near Petersburg, he saw General Robert E. Lee come down the line, weeping to see so many of his men slain. At Chattanooga, in the army of General Joseph E. Johnston, he worked as tunnel digger under one Captain Jones.

In 1895, "Uncle Gus" bought from Amos G. Cox a sixty-acre farm in the rich bright-leaf tobacco belt, which he still owns. He is a great admirer of General "Stonewall" Jackson and has a life-size portrait of him made from a small photograph.

The picture of "Uncle Gus" shows a face of almost ugly sternness, but his expression changes wonderfully when he speaks and smiles.



"Uncle Gus"
A Confederate Veteran.



"Uncle David"

Hertford, North Carolina.

"Obah de ribah I soon mus' go,
Weary ob waitin' froo all dis woe;
An' when my journey is ended, I know
Dat de Good Shep'ahd will open de do'."

"Uncle Major"

He was the slave of Colonel Pollard, of Greenville, North Carolina, and was the companion and bodyguard of his master in the Civil war.

"Aunt Ann"

Ann Austin was the slave of Samuel Pitts, Uniontown, Alabama. She was eighty-nine years old when the picture was taken.

RELIGIOUS LIFE ON THE PLANTATION

ONE of the earliest and most notable efforts at religious instruction of the slaves was made by adherents of the Protestant Episcopal church. Many of the prominent masters and mistresses of the South were of that faith and, being devoted men and women, they gave themselves zealously to this work of evangelization, acting directly or through ministers or missionaries employed by them. In some cases, chapels were built for the special use of the slaves in receiving religious instruction. In other cases, the negroes were admitted to the churches, erected primarily for the masters and their families, and from a place in the rear or from a balcony, listened to the same preaching. But, however it was done, says Myrta Lockett Avary, "the South entrusted the spiritual care of the negroes to her ablest and best."

The admission of colored men to the ministry was early a matter of dispute, but there have been such admissions in all of the denominations. Alexander Crummel was the first eminent colored Episcopal minister. He served in Africa and later as rector in Washington, D. C. Others who have been ordained as ministers of that church number probably one hundred and fifty.

Nowhere in all the South was there a more zealous religious work among the slaves than that inaugurated

and maintained by Plowden Weston, Hagley Plantation, South Carolina. Rev. Alexander Glennie was the famous rector of the vicinity, and he served in All Saints and other parishes from 1832 to 1866. In his work he was assisted by Rev. Mr. Guerry, father of the present bishop of South Carolina, and one other clergyman. Sunday mornings the three preached in the parish churches, where there were galleries for the slaves, and in the afternoons they preached at the chapels on the plantations, the services being especially for the slaves and the sermons being couched in the simplest language so that the illiterate could understand.

"In conducting the worship of God upon the plantations," Mr. Glennie explained, in an introduction to a collection of his sermons to slaves, "my habit is, after concluding the service, to question the people assembled upon the sermon they have just heard, which enables me to dwell more at large upon matters briefly touched upon in the sermon. This practice and the frequent use of our church catechism is, I need scarcely say, the most important part of the duty of those engaged in the instruction of negroes."

Mr. Glennie made a strong appeal to the negroes, and the survivors of his audiences all revere his memory, as well as that of Mr. Guerry who, under changed conditions, built Faith Memorial chapel near the seashore. The present rector still carries on the work and has fifty negro communicants and a day school of sixty pupils.

The widow of an honored Southern clergyman, herself an earnest religious teacher, wrote as follows to the Southern Churchman:

"I would like to add my testimony concerning the religious instruction of the slaves of the South, at least in South Carolina, as I am a native of that state. My father, a layman, had all the infants, born on his planta-

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INTERIOR OF WESTON CHAPEL

The ceiling and pews are of cypress. Arches add to the dignity.

tion, christened in the church and kept a record of their birth and baptism. My earliest recollections are of my father catechizing the negro children in the church catechism, every week when he visited his plantations, and, before leaving, the chapel bell was rung (he had a chapel on each place) to call the hands in from the fields for the reading of a chapter in the Bible and for prayer. We employed a clergyman to minister to them, who prepared candidates to be confirmed by our beloved Bishop Davis, on his visitations to the plantations. I remember being present on one of these occasions when a large number of negro men and women were confirmed.

"My grandfather, Mr. William Clarkson, built the first church in the forks of the Wateree and Congree rivers, exclusively for negroes, and employed a clergyman for them, and they were very happy in our church services. My father carried on the work which his father had commenced and, after his death, which occurred before the civil war, my mother and I kept up the religious instruction of the negroes. In the chapel on one of our plantations, I taught a large class of negro children, every Sunday afternoon, the church catechism, Watts' catechism and hymns from our old Book of Common Prayer, and taught them to sing them, which they did delightfully. This continued till the war ended, which also ended our happy religious instructions."

The Christian masters of South Carolina and of the South generally did a noble missionary work among the slaves; and the more one learns of that work, the more one respects the masters and their families who did it. The Episcopal church, especially, has reason to be proud of the service rendered by the faithful of her fold. And yet in after years—after the war—the work so well done was undone by other denominations. The negro was influenced against the church because

ALL SAINTS' PARISH CHURCH

At Waccamaw, S. C., where Rev. Alexander Glennie was Rector from 1832 to 1866. His remains lie in the Parish churchyard.

the large slave-holders were mostly Episcopalians, the hardest blow having been struck by the Baptists and their many divisions. "You have not been baptized—your soul will be lost unless we baptize you," was their cry, and it had a powerful effect upon the negroes and the less intelligent white people. The negroes like nothing half so well as a river in which to be baptized, and a river baptism in the South beggars description. An old negro woman, who had been confirmed and afterwards joined the Baptist church, always attended the Holy Communion on Christmas. Somebody remarked, "Auntie, I thought you were a Baptist." She replied, "So I is, so I is; but I allus hab de communion wid my ol' massa on Chrismus." Her old master had died many years before.

Not far from the Weston chapel, on the Waccamaw river and between the river and the Atlantic ocean, is a "pray house" in which a so-called "class leader" conducts a service which it is well nigh impossible to describe. If it is religion at all, it is religion of the emotions. There is shouting and clapping of hands and the most grotesque of physical contortions, often ending in some of the participants falling in a faint or trance, in which state they are carried to their homes. Too frequently the leader is chosen, not for his saintly character, but for his ability to lead the crowd in these emotional excesses. He may be the worst man morally in the community, but that does not disqualify him. The singing is wild and boisterous, often of the singers' own composition, a single thought being many times repeated or only slightly varied as in the hymns of the "old Mammys."

High above the Waccamaw river stands the Weston chapel, beautifully located. Through the years I see the picture. It is built of cypress, has fine stained glass windows and in every way is a house well suited to the worship of the Lord. Adjoining are a thousand acres of rice, the rice mill and other buildings needed by the planter. Hundreds of slaves are at work in the fields, when the clock in the chapel tower strikes the hour for Evening Prayer. The many slaves start for the chapel and it is soon well-filled. The master is a lay-reader and appears in his snowy vestments and begins the service we all love so dearly—"The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him." Then comes the general confession, and the people drop on their knees. Do you not see them? Many are devoutly kneeling, the women with bright-colored kerchiefs on their heads and the men with their heads bared. The soft sunlight shines through the stained glass windows and fills the chapel with beautiful colors. The mocking birds are singing softly in the

INTERIOR OF ALL SAINTS' PARISH CHURCH
Showing on each side the gallery built for the slaves.

live oak trees just outside. The air is filled with the fragrance of the yellow jessamine, while the master joins with his black people in the prayer, "Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep," etc. At the close of the service they sing, as only negroes can sing and with that quality of tone none others have:

"Through the day Thy love has spared us;
Hear us ere the hour of rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest.
Jesus, Thou our guardian be.
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

"Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours, preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose,
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last."

They pass out of the chapel silently, with a smile and a kind word for each, from the master who is at the door to say "Good-night."

The picture passes from our sight, and the words of the hymn can no longer be heard. We turn to the chapel as it is today. Most of those old slaves now lie in the graves near by, and the good master in the parish churchyard not far away. The tower clock is now on Prince George's church, Georgetown, South Carolina. The baptismal font is at Grace church, Camden, S. C., and the choir stalls, stained glass windows, etc., are used in other churches. The master died in 1864, and Hagley Plantation is owned by strangers. It is only a question of time when the chapel will be burned by negroes, as the cabins and other buildings have been destroyed. The rice mill is still there and is most picturesque, being almost covered with vines. Yonder, with its huge chim-

ALL SAINTS' RECTORY

Built for Rev. Alexander Glennie, now the house of the Rev. Mr. Galbraith, who is continuing the religious instruction of the negroes.

ney, is the building where all the bread for the slaves was baked. The mansion itself has been destroyed. All is silent. Only an old negro woman comes near to say that she was baptized and confirmed in the chapel, to recall Rev. Mr. Glennie and Rev. Mr. Guerry, to speak of them lovingly and to remark how great the change since they were here.

But the place still fascinates, it is so different from any other. As Owen Wister says in his introduction to "A Woman Rice Planter," "the mark of the old days remains visible." The fragrance of the vines, the yellow jessamine and the salt air make the place delightful. The streams are filled with perch and trout; there are quantities of English ducks, partridges, ricebirds, snipe and wild turkeys; little negro children get crabs by the bagful; oysters, too, are plentiful. The place is too attractive to be overlooked by the pleasure seeker, and some time in the future great hotels will stand where once the master ruled, the missionary preacher taught and prayed and where the devout slaves sang praises to their Maker.

SERMONS TO THE SLAVES

Following is the text of some of the sermons that were delivered by Rev. Alexander Glennie to the slaves in Weston Chapel or the others erected especially for the slaves. They show something of his noble effort to make the message plain and simple so that it could be understood.

GOOD FRIDAY

He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.—Isaiah liii., 5.

IN THIS chapter the prophet, Isaiah, speaks of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, dying for our sins. This prophet lived seven hundred years before our blessed Saviour so humbled himself as to come down from heaven to be made in the likeness of men. But the Holy Ghost taught him to speak, so many years before, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and by this divine teaching, he was enabled to tell of our Saviour's wonderful birth and of all he should do and teach and suffer when he should come into the world to save sinners.

In the verse which I just now read to you, the prophet declares how our Saviour died for our sins, and how we are made clean from sin through his great suffering and death. I desire now to speak to you upon this subject because this day is Good Friday, the day on which our Lord gave his life for the life of the world. And in doing this I cannot do better than go through the account of our Saviour's suffering and death, which we have in the New Testament.

The Jews had a feast, called the feast of the Passover, which they kept every year at this season, in re-

membrance of their deliverance out of Egypt, by the hand of God, in the days of Moses. Our Lord Jesus Christ was keeping this feast, along with his twelve disciples, for the last time when, knowing that, in a few hours, his body would be broken and his blood shed, "he took bread and, when he had given thanks, he brake it and gave it to his disciples, saying, 'Take, eat, this is my body which is given for you; do this in remembrance of me.' Likewise, after supper, he took the cup; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, saying, 'Drink ye all of this, for this is my blood of the new testament which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. Do this, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of me.' "

In this way did our Lord ordain the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and the holy church, throughout all the world, is continually, by means of this holy sacrament, showing the Lord's death, and will continue to do so until he comes again.

After thus instituting the Lord's Supper, he went out of Jerusalem, along with his disciples, and entered into a garden called Gethsemane. He there said to them: "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death," and he was withdrawn from them a little way, and kneeled down and prayed, "Oh, my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." He prayed in this way three times, and, being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood, falling down to the ground. How great were the sorrows of our Lord Jesus Christ, even before he was crucified! How was his soul pierced through with sorrows! And do we ask why he thus "began to be sorrowful and very heavy?" Sin was the cause of his bitter sorrow. "The Lord laid on him the iniquities of us all." Oh, think of his sorrows, of his agony of soul and

bloody sweat, and see the hateful nature of sin. Look to Jesus, suffering so much for you; mourn for your sins and cry for mercy through him.

After our Lord had prayed thus and had endured this agony of soul, Judas, the wicked disciple, who had gone away to the chief priests and elders of the Jews, came with a company of men to take him. And what did this wicked traitor do? He acted as if he had been a dear friend; he came to him and said, "Hail, master!" and kissed him. Oh, what a wretched condition this man was in! He suffered the devil to enter into him, and was then brought to do this most wicked deed. Let us watch and pray, lest we fall into temptation, as he did, and betray our Lord and Master.

Jesus Christ permitted his enemies to take him; who bound him and led him away, first to the high priest and then to Pontius Pilate, the governor. They set up false witnesses against him and accused him of many things, wishing to have him crucified. But Jesus answered not a word as it had been written of him by the prophet Isaiah, seven hundred years before, "he was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and, as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

Pilate saw that he had done nothing amiss and that the Jews were full of malice and envy, and he wished to let him go; but they kept crying out, "Let him be crucified!" They also begged Pilate to release to them Barabbas, who was a thief and a murderer, instead of Jesus. And at last they prevailed upon Pilate to do as they desired, and he gave him up to be crucified. But while they were accusing him and before they led him away to crucify him, they treated him most shamefully. They spit in his face and they beat him with their hands; they scourged him, making long furrows

in his back with the whip; they dressed him up in a purple robe and mocked him; they put a crown of thorns upon his head and beat him on the head with a reed. How grievous were the sufferings of our dear Lord! But when you think of all the shame he endured and the pain he was made to feel, remember that sin was the cause of all his sorrow; be filled with godly sorrow on account of your many sins, and cry for mercy through him who so loved you as to suffer so much to save you.

After they had mocked the patient Jesus and had acted toward him so cruelly, they led him away and made him carry the cross to which they were going to nail him. But we may well suppose that, after all their cruel treatment of him, he was not able to carry so great a weight; they therefore made a man that they met take the cross and carry it after Jesus. When they had gone out of Jerusalem to a place called Golgotha, there they crucified him, nailing him by his hands and feet to the cross and leaving him to hang in this most painful state. Oh, what a sad sight was that! But remember that "he bore our sins in his own body on the tree"; remember this and mourn over your many sins.

The Jews, to try and make it appear that he was the chief of sinners, crucified two thieves along with him, placing Jesus between them. To such a length did the wickedness of their hearts carry them; and so low did our Lord Jesus Christ stoop to save us miserable sinners. But did the holy Jesus complain? Had he any hard feelings against these wicked men? No, he prayed for his murderers; he said, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." What an example is this, my brethren! You say that you believe he died to save you; see that you follow his example, and from your hearts forgive every one who may offend you, praying to God to forgive them, even as you hope he will forgive you.

After they had nailed him to the cross, do you suppose that the Jews stopped persecuting him? No, it is written that they reviled him, they mocked him, they derided him, as if they took pleasure in his sufferings. But, "when he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to Him that judges righteously." Oh, let us pray much for the Holy Spirit, that we may have the same mind that was in him.

But now a most wonderful thing happened. Although it was the middle of the day, there was darkness over all the land, which lasted for three hours; there was also an earthquake, and the rocks were broken, and the veil of the temple was rent in two. Thus the sun in the heavens withdrew its light, and the earth was moved when the Son of God was hanging upon the cross. And shall we hear of these things without being moved in our hearts? Let us pray that our hearts may be pierced with sorrow for our sins, as our sins added so much to his sorrows.

After enduring the pain of the cross for three hours, Jesus cried with a loud voice, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Surely the sin of the world and God's anger against sin was grievously oppressing him, when the bitter sorrow of his soul made him cry out thus. After this, Jesus said, "I thirst!" and one, standing by, filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it on a reed and put it to his mouth; and when he had received the vinegar, he said, "It is finished"; everything is done to take away the sin of the world and reconcile man to God. "It is finished"; my body is broken for the sin of man, my blood is shed to wash away man's guilt, and now "the kingdom of heaven is open to all believers." When our Lord had cried again with a loud voice, he said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit"; and having said thus, he bowed his head and died.

Such, my brethren, is the short account of what our Saviour suffered, when he came into the world to save sinners. And in thinking of his sufferings, as you all ought to do continually, think of the love of Christ in coming from heaven and giving himself to so many sorrows for sinful man. God so loved the world as to send his own dear Son to be the Saviour of the world. The Son of God so loved us as to come and take our nature upon him and die the painful death which I have been describing to you. Think of this and adore him who so loved us.

Again, you know it was for sin our Saviour died. "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities." You say that you believe this. But will he save one of you unless you so repent of your sins as to forsake them and lead a new life? He surely will not. And if you are not careful to keep the solemn promises which you made at your baptism, praying always for the gift of the Holy Spirit to help you, your belief in the death of Jesus Christ for the sin of the world, instead of doing you good, will only increase your condemnation in the day of judgment. As, then, you know what great sufferings Jesus Christ endured to save you from living in sin and from going to hell, oh, show your love to him by giving up whatever is sinful and walking daily in the way of God's commandments. Watch and pray that you may do so, and then you will surely find that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin; that he is your strength and comfort and hope now and will be hereafter your exceeding great reward.

Rector's Study, All Saints' Parish, Waccamaw, S. C.

This was occupied by Rev. Mr. Glennie and his assistants, when they were doing so much for the uplift of the negroes.

EASTER

The angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.—Matthew xxviii., 5-6.

AT THIS season, every year, we keep in remembrance the death and resurrection of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. As last Friday was the day on which he died for the sin of the world, we call that day Good Friday. You know that on the third day after he died, our Saviour rose up again. This great event happened on Sunday morning, the first day of the week; therefore in the services of our church on this day, which we call Easter Sunday, we keep in remembrance the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour

Jesus Christ. I wish now to place before you what the Bible tells us about him, after he had died upon the cross.

About the time that Jesus died, the Jews, desiring that the bodies might not be hanging on the cross on the next day, which was their Sabbath day, begged Pilate "that their legs might be broken and that they might be taken away." It was common to do this to those who were crucified.

"Then came the soldiers and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs; but one of the soldiers, with a spear, pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water." God had foretold of him, in the time of Moses, fifteen hundred years before, that a bone of him should not be broken; and he had taught his Prophet Zachariah to say, six hundred years before, "they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn." How wonderful is God, to have foretold these things so long a time before, and then to have made them happen exactly according to his word! Let us praise and adore him always. And when we think of our blessed Saviour hanging upon the cross, let us, by faith, look upon him who was pierced for our sins, and mourn for our many sins, which added so much to his grievous sorrows.

After our blessed Saviour had died, and had been thus pierced with the spear, a rich man, named Joseph, of the town of Arimathea, went to Pontius Pilate, and begged him to let him take away the body of Jesus, that he might bury it. Pilate, as soon as he knew that he was dead, gave him leave to do so, and commanded that the body of Jesus should be given to him. Joseph, when he had bought some fine linen, took the body down from the cross, and wrapped it in fine linen, together

with a quantity of spices, for that was the way in which the Jews prepared the bodies of their dead for burial. After this, Joseph placed the body in a new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock; it was a kind of cave, cut into solid stone; and when he had placed the body there, he came out and rolled a large stone against the mouth or door of the cave. All this was done on Friday afternoon, and thus did God provide, that the body which our Lord had taken, in order to redeem lost man, should be taken care of in death, and be decently buried; he had foretold by his Prophet Isaiah that he should be "with the rich in his death."

The next day was the Sabbath day among the Jews and the chief priests and Pharisees who had been so anxious to put Jesus to death, came together unto Pilate saying, "Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, after three days I will rise again." You see here, my brethren, to what lengths the love of sin made these Jews go; they were so blinded by unbelief, their hearts were so hardened, that they called our blessed Saviour, "that deceiver." O take care how you live; if you do not watch continually and pray for grace to strengthen and guide you, you will surely fall away from God. If you begin to grow careless about your souls, it is so easy to become worse and worse, that you cannot tell where you will stop, but will be in danger of perishing. Let this then often be your prayer; "From hardness of heart and contempt of thee, good Lord, deliver us."

The Jews went on to say to Pilate, "Command, therefore, that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead; so the last error shall be worse than the first." Pilate said unto them, "Ye have a watch, go your way, make it as sure as you can." So they went and made

the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone and setting a watch. These Jews, by fastening the stone upon the mouth of the sepulchre, and by placing a guard of soldiers to prevent any one coming to it, intended to put a stop to the church, which shall continue to the end of the world.

Now, my brethren, this doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, is one of the greatest importance. He came, as we are taught, to die for the sin of the world. When he hung upon the cross, he bore in his body the sins of all people. But if we were not sure that he rose up again, we might fear that he had not been able to save us; that death still had power over him, and that we could not escape the powers of hell. Now, however, as he rose from the dead on the third day, we feel sure that all that he did and suffered while he was upon earth, was quite sufficient to make peace between God and man. By the resurrection of Jesus Christ we feel sure that he destroyed the power of the devil; that he gained the victory over hell, and death, and the grave. By the resurrection of Jesus Christ, we know that his blood cleanseth from all sin, and that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Oh, what a comfortable hope you may have in you, if you will only be true followers of him who died for us, and was buried and rose again! We are also taught, that as Jesus Christ rose up from the dead, so shall all mankind rise up again in the last day. You, my brethren, who are here met together, must, in a very short time, die; your bodies will, in the grave, turn again to dust, and your souls will go into the place of departed spirits; but on the day of judgment, at the end of the world, your bodies shall be raised from the dead, and be joined again to your souls; and how will you appear in that day? Shall you then inherit a blessing or a curse? Shall you then be found fit for heaven, or be condemned to the pains of hell? This is what you should now be anx-

iously considering. You should often seriously ask yourselves, "Where shall I be after the day of judgment?" Such a question is always important, but especially so at this time, when we remember the resurrection of our Saviour. You are taught that if, through his merits, you would rise up to glory at the last day, you must here, in the world, die to sin, and rise again unto righteousness. How often have you heard these words of the baptismal service: "remembering always that baptism doth represent unto us our profession, which is to follow the example of our Saviour Christ, and to be made like unto him; that, as he died and rose again for us, so should we, who are baptized, die from sin, and rise again unto righteousness; continually mortifying all our evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living." You, who by baptism have been made members of Christ's church on earth, and have been dedicated to the service of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are here very plainly taught how you must be living, if you would be also members of the church in heaven. You must "follow the example of our Saviour Christ, and be made like unto him." And how is this to be done? You are here told, as Christ died for your sins, so you must die from sin—even as you promised to do; when you promised to renounce the devil, the world, and the flesh. As Christ rose again for you, so you must rise up from the death of sin to a life of righteousness—even as you promised, "to keep God's holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the rest of your life." You must mortify, that is, put to death, all your evil and corrupt affections, all the bad desires of your hearts; and must daily proceed in all virtue and godliness of living, must daily live more to the glory of our great God and Saviour. But you know that, of yourselves, you cannot do this. Such is the weakness and corruption of your

nature, that you cannot, without the grace of God, renounce sin and lead a godly life. And when you are asked how you can believe and do as you ought to, you answer, "By God's help so I will." Seek then His help; seek in diligent prayer the gift of the Holy Spirit, looking with believing hearts to the one mediator between God and man, even to Jesus, "who died and was buried, and rose again for us"; and by the grace given to you, you will learn to forsake all sin, and to follow the example of Christ; you will learn to seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God; you will learn to set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth; and when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.

THE SIN OF LYING

And great fear came upon all the church, and upon as many as heard these things.—Acts v., 2.

WHAT things could these have been, which brought great fear on all the Church, and upon as many as heard them? Perhaps if we have it told us, some of us may learn to fear the Lord God more than we do. The things here spoken of are, the awful and sudden deaths of Ananias and Sapphira, for telling a lie. The story as it is told in the Bible, is enough to fill our hearts with fear, before that great Being, "who is able to destroy, both body, and soul in hell." I beg of you, therefore, to give close attention to what I am now going to say, and see how much God hates a lie, and how surely he will punish those who love a lie.

Soon after our Lord Jesus Christ had gone up to heaven, he sent down the Holy Spirit upon his Apostles, and his other disciples. After they had received the Holy Spirit, the Apostles began to preach the gospel, and to do many wonderful works in the name of Lord Jesus. Many people were converted by their preaching, and the Church of Christ grew larger and larger every day. But many of these first Christians were very poor, and all of them were hated by the Jews, and the heathen people, and were often persecuted and treated very shamefully by them. Therefore, that the poor Christians might have food to eat, and clothes to put on, and that they might be able to help one another in times of persecution, it became a common practice for those who had any property, to sell it all and to bring the money to the Apostles; and the Apostles gave to those Christians that were in want.

At the time that many were helping their poor brethren in this way, and were giving up everything

they had, so that they might preach the gospel continually, without being hindered by the cares of this world, we are told that a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession, and kept back part of the price; his wife also being privy to it; and brought a certain part, and laid it at the Apostles' feet. You see how deceitfully they acted: Ananias sold his land, then he and his wife agreed together to keep back a part of the price of it; and they brought the other part, and gave it to the Apostles, as the whole price of the land. Oh how much sin there is in the heart of man! As the Bible indeed says, "the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." What could have made these people tell such a wilful lie? Perhaps they wanted the praise of men, they wanted men to talk of them, as giving up everything they had to Christ; or perhaps they were covetous, and wanted to get something every day from the common stock,—while they had something of their own too; however it was they knowingly and willingly told a lie and brought ruin upon their souls.

We must suppose that they thought that nobody knew it; it may be that no man did know it. But does religion teach us to think only of the good will of man? Far from it: it teaches us to keep the Lord always before us; it teaches us to drive temptation from us by saying, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" And if Ananias and Sapphira thought that they could deceive man, could they deceive God? No; "to him all hearts are open, all desires are known, and from him no secrets are hid." He knew that they had agreed together to tell this lie.

Oh how foolishly, as well as sinfully, wicked people act. They forget that the all-seeing eye of God is upon them, and that their sin will surely find them out. And on this occasion the Lord taught his Apostle Peter to

see through the deceitful conduct of this man and his wife. For when Ananias brought him the money, "Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thy heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." What a word is this, my brethren! "Why hath Satan filled thine heart?" This wicked man, when tempted to keep back part of the price of the land, did not resist the temptation, and the devil entered into him, as he did into the heart of the traitor Judas: he took full possession of him and brought him to tell this lie to the Apostles, to men who were full of the Holy Ghost: and therefore he lied not unto men, but unto God. Oh, what a miserable condition wicked people are in! Satan fills their hearts; the devil has possession: they give themselves to serve him. Are there any of you in this sad condition? Is there one here who is willing to live and die a child of the devil? Oh let it not be! Think of that great love of our Savior Jesus Christ, who came to destroy the works of the devil; who came and died to save us poor sinners out of his hand. Repent of your past sins; look to Jesus with believing hearts; pray for the Holy Spirit to guide you to Jesus, that you may be turned from the power of Satan unto God. Those of you that will live without religion, that will commit any kind of sin, whenever your hearts tempt you to do so; do you ever think who it is that you are wilfully sinning against? What did St. Peter say to Ananias? "Thou hast not lied unto men but unto God." Think of this, you that love the ways of sin. You have been fearlessly opposing the great and holy God. Ought not this thought to fill you with fear and shame and sorrow? And when you remember how good he has been to you, how he has borne with you, how he still lets you live,

ought not his goodness to you, to bring you to repentance? It ought indeed. Oh let not his goodness be thrown away upon you, but rather turn to him and live.

What happened to this wretched man Ananias, when St. Peter charged him with lying, not unto men but unto God? We read, "And Ananias hearing these words, fell down and gave up the ghost." While the words of the Apostle Peter were still in his ears, he fell down before all that were present, and died: died with deceit in his heart: died with a lie in his mouth: died a willing servant of the devil, the father of lies. What a heavy judgment was this, my brethren! Does it not show you how God hates a lie? Does it not tell you that lying lips are an abomination to him? Does it not convince you, that those who continue to live guilty of this sin, shall be punished forever? What says the Bible about it? It is written, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

After Ananias had fallen down dead, we are told that "great fear came on all them that heard these things." Well might people fear at witnessing such a judgment as this! And ought not you to try and keep the fear of God always before your eyes? Do not be tempted to say, as so many wicked people do, oh nobody will know it: nobody will see it: remember God is always looking at you. He sees all that you do; he hears every word that you say; he knows all that you think about; and he can in a moment strike you dead; he is able to destroy both body and soul in hell. Knowing these things, fear him, so as not willingly to offend him, and seek his mercy and grace and love always, through his Son Jesus Christ, who died to make your peace with him.

Ananias having died so awfully, "the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out and buried him." What a blessing it would have been if the shock-

ing sin of lying had been buried in his grave; but too many persons follow his wicked example instead of being warned by his miserable death.

We are next told about his wife Sapphira. "It was about the space of three hours after when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in." She came in not knowing that the lie, which they had agreed to tell, had been found out, and that her husband had been struck dead so suddenly. "And Peter answered unto her, tell me whether ye sold the land for so much. And she said, yea, for so much." Poor wretched creature, she little thought that God, the searcher of hearts, had made known to Peter the lie that they had agreed to tell. As I have already said, the wicked always seem to forget that the eye of God is upon them. "Peter said unto her, how is it that you have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? Behold the feet of them which hath buried your husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out. Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost; and the young men came in, and found her dead, and, carrying her forth, buried her by her husband." This, my brethren, is a most sad account. Here were a man and his wife, who by baptism had been brought into the church of Christ: who professed to be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ: and we find them yielding so readily to the temptation of the devil, and agreeing together to tell a lie, when they ought to have been helping each other to live as servants of Christ, of whose church they had been made members. And how awfully did they die with a lie in their mouths. Let their sad history be a continuous warning to each of you. "Satan filled their hearts to lie to the Holy Ghost." What can save you from his power but the grace of God? Watch then and pray lest ye enter into temptation. Jesus has died for you, and promises to help you. His word is, "My grace is

sufficient for you." While therefore you try to speak the truth always, and to resist the devil in every way, look to Jesus, look to him for the forgiveness of your past sins: look to him for the grace and strength which you want: without him you can do nothing, but you may do *all* things now through him who gives spiritual strength to all who call upon him.

Again: I have already supposed that Ananias and Sapphira thought that nobody would find out their lie. Do any of you indulge in secret sins, or tell lies, deceiving your hearts, by thinking that no one will know it? Do not go on living so! You can hide nothing from God, and if you are not found out in this world—a day is coming, the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known; and how full of horror will that day be to you, if you go on in this world telling lies, or living in any kind of sin.

My brethren, the time is very short; you do not know how soon your life may end. As long then as God, in his goodness, permits you to live, make the best use of your time. Repent every day of all your past sins; every day seek pardon, and mercy, and grace from God, through the merits of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord; give yourselves through the help of the Spirit, to walk always in the way of God's commandments, and you may then hope, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord, to meet your death in peace.

SERMON ON SERVICE

With good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men.—Ephesians vi., 7.

IN this part of the word of God, servants are taught with what mind they ought to do their service. They are told to do what is required of them "with good will": and to do it, "as to the Lord, and not to men."

What a blessed book the Bible is, my brethren! It speaks comfort to all people in every station of life: it shows how every one must live here, so as to please our heavenly Father. He, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, has in his word forgotten none of the children of men. All may learn, from that holy book, how their souls may be saved, through the merits of the death of Christ. And in addition to this, every one, in whatever condition he may be, will find in that holy book what his peculiar duties are. Thus ministers are taught in the Bible how they ought to preach the gospel, and how they ought to live, so as to glorify their Savior Jesus Christ. The rich are taught in the Bible how they must do good with their riches; and the poor, how they must be contented with the portion that God has given them: and both rich and poor are taught how to lay up treasure in heaven. Parents are told in the Bible how they must bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and children how they must obey their parents. Masters are taught in the Bible how they must rule their servants, and servants how they must obey their masters. Truly this holy word of God is a blessed gift indeed: and how greatly blessed shall we all be, if we diligently seek the help of the Holy Spirit, that we may be "doers of the word and not hearers only"! I will now read to you the whole of this passage out of God's holy word, which is written

especially for your instruction. "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ: not with eye service as men pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart: with good will doing service as to the Lord and not to men; knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free." This passage from the Bible shows to you, what God requires from you as servants; and there are many other passages which teach the same things. You should try and remember these parts of the Bible that you may be able "to do your duty in that state of life, unto which it has pleased God to call you." For although a bad servant may not wish to know what God requires of him, yet a Christian servant will desire to know this, and to do his will in every thing.

Our Heavenly Father commands that you, who are servants, should "be obedient to your masters according to the flesh"; that is, to your earthly master, the master that you serve here while in the body. Here is a very plain command: "Servants, be obedient": be obedient to your masters. A bad servant will not try and obey this command. A worldly minded servant who is not living in the fear of God will neglect this command. But you, who call yourselves children of God, will do his will and be obedient to your earthly master. You can every day give proof that you wish to serve God, by your ready, your cheerful obedience.

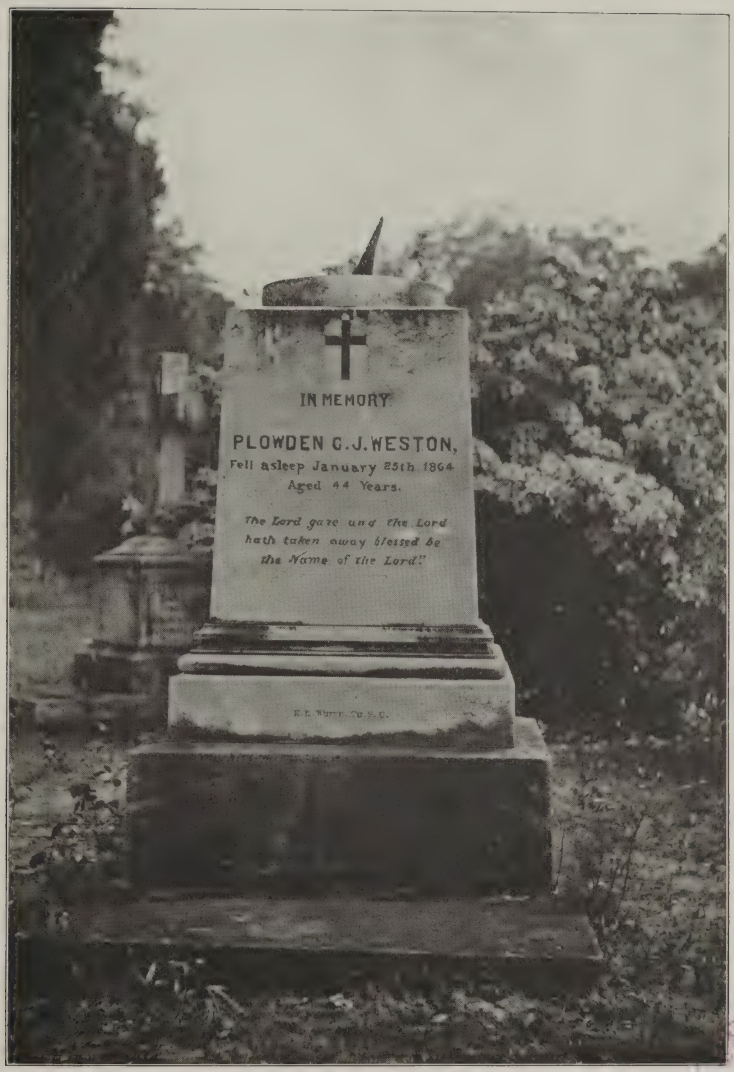
You are here directed to be obedient to your master "with fear and trembling"; that is, you ought to feel so anxious to discharge your duty faithfully, as to feel afraid of giving offence by any conduct that looks like disobedience; for, by disobedience, you not only offend your earthly master, but you sin against God, and of

FAITH MEMORIAL CHAPEL

Built by Rev. Mr. Guerry after the war. Services are held on Sunday, and during the week there is school here for negro children.

this every Christian servant will be afraid. A bad servant will be afraid only of the punishment which he will receive, if his disobedience should be found out. But a Christian servant must look up always to his heavenly master. Therefore, if you love God whose children you were made at your baptism, you will do every day all that you have to do, with fear and trembling; that is, in the fear of God, knowing that he would be angry with you if you neglected your duty. If you love the Lord Jesus Christ, who shed his blood for you, you will do your daily work with fear and trembling; lest, by any act of disobedience, you bring reproach on him whose name you bear. If you desire that the Holy Spirit should abide in your hearts, you will not willingly be disobedient, being afraid that this Comforter and Sanctifier would forsake you, if you paid so little attention to the plain word of God.

You are here commanded to be obedient "in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ"; that is, do not be double-minded, professing to be one thing, but really being another; but in your duty to your master, have a single heart; an honest, upright, and true heart, as unto Christ; knowing that he sees your heart, and will not be pleased with double dealing. A bad servant does not follow this word of God at all. Instead of a single heart, he has a double heart. He is one thing before his master's face, but another thing behind his back. A bad servant, too, never thinks of living "as unto Christ." He does not desire or try to be a follower of Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross for his sins. He turns his back upon the love of Christ, and will not seek him that his soul may be saved. You, however, who call yourselves servants of Jesus Christ, who have been baptized in his name, who often "shew his death" in the Lord's supper, will, if you are indeed his, do all your duty as to him—having a single heart, having this one desire, to be obedient in all things: and



TOMB OF PLOWDEN WESTON

Mr. Weston built the chapel that bears his name. He sleeps near All Saints' Parish Church—so near one may imagine he hears the services he loved so well.

you should make it a part of your daily prayers, that by the help of the Holy Spirit you may glorify our God and Savior by a simple obedience.

This part of the Bible goes on speaking of the same matter in different words; it gives "line upon line and precept upon precept"; because it is what all of us ought to keep in mind, that we must engage in our several duties with a desire to please God, and with a fear of sinning against him. It says, "not with eye service, as men pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." Do not attend to your work only while your earthly master's eye is upon you; but remember that the eye of your heavenly Master is always upon you: do your work as serving Christ, look upon your daily tasks as "the will of God," and do them "from the heart," with a hearty desire to please God. A bad servant is an eye servant, doing the work required of him, so long as his master's eye is upon him: he has no regard to Christ our Savior; and, instead of the will of God, he thinks only of his own will, and the desires of his own evil heart. But you, who profess to be "the servants of Jesus Christ," will, if you are indeed his, do all your duty faithfully, whether the eye of man is upon you or not; you will feel that such is the will of God; and you will daily watch and pray, that by the help of the Holy Spirit you may "do the will of God from the heart."

The word of God goes on teaching you the same thing. It says, "with good will doing service, as to the Lord and not to men." A bad servant will very often do his service with a very bad will; he will try many ways to deceive his master, and will do as little for him as he can. You, however, who call yourselves the servants of Christ, will, if you indeed belong to him, aim at doing your service with good will; you will pray that your will may be subject to the will of God, so that

you may "do service" cheerfully, "as to the Lord, and not to men."

This passage of Scripture ends by telling you to remember that the day of judgment is coming, when every one, in every condition of life, shall receive according to what he has done in the body. It says, "knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same

ALL SAINTS' RECTORY-BY-THE-SEA

Where the planters spent the summer. The sand dunes are as high as the cottages and stand between them and the beach.

shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free." We are here told, that in the day of judgment the inquiry will be: What have we done in this world; how did we live in this world? It matters not, we see, in what condition we have been here: it matters not whether we be bond-servants or free men: it matters not whether we be among the high and the rich, or among the low

and the poor; we shall in that day receive according as we now live. If we now live as obedient followers of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, we shall, through him who loves us, inherit everlasting life. But if we are not true believers in him, if we are disobedient to his word, we can inherit only everlasting misery. With regard to you, the disobedient servants amongst you, the unfaithful, the deceitful, the ungodly servants, unless they repent and turn from the service of the devil, to the service of God, shall surely "be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." Whilst the obedient servants amongst you, the faithful, the true, the godly servants, who are living "as the servants of Christ," "doing service as to the Lord and not to men," shall if they continue steadfast unto the end, be blessed forever.

As you ought to understand well what is the will of God respecting you, I will read to you again this part of the Bible: "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye service, as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart: with good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men; knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."

The great duty, my brethren, which all of us have to attend to, is to keep the Lord always before us; to live as in his sight—to act as his servants—to remember the account which we shall all have to give before his judgment seat. Try and live in this way. Pray to God to teach you by his Spirit to look always to Him; and think much of those blessed mansions of peace, which our blessed Savior Jesus Christ is preparing for

all who truly love and serve him. In this way you will learn to live happily, you will do all your service with good will, and "will run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

A "Pray-house"

This building, which is typical of many, stands not far from Faith Memorial Chapel. The services are conducted by a "class-leader" and are of the most emotional order.

"SAMPSON"

SAMPSON, one of the faithful old slaves of the South, is shown sitting on the steps of St. Paul's Church, Greensboro, Alabama, of which he was for more than thirty years the sexton. He was born about 1817 and, until the emancipation, was the slave of Rev. and Mrs. John Avery, of North Carolina. After the surrender, the slaves were called up by their

"Cheerful and Ready"

mistress and asked what their plans were. "Mistis," said Sampson, "I'll stay wid yo' 's long 's yo' lib, an' den I'll go an' lib 'ith one o' yo' chillun." This he did, and at his mistress's death, went to live with Rev. and Mrs. R. H. Cobb, at Greensboro, serving as stated until his death in 1900. Mrs. Cobb pays him this tribute: "During all the years of childhood and mature age, I do not recall having seen him anything but cheerful and ready to do all in his power for our service and comfort."

The Plantation House

ON THE FAUNSDALE PLANTATION

THE Faunsdale Plantation in Alabama was another scene of intense and interesting religious activity among the slaves. It was the home of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Harrison. In his veins flowed the blood of one of the best families in Virginia, while his wife (Louise McKinley Collins) belonged to a famous North Carolina family. They were people of rare culture and refinement and were among the first settlers in the canebrake of Marengo county, Alabama.

Having seen the place and heard the story of the devoted life of these two, one can picture the scene in the beautiful chapel, built for the slaves. Every Sunday afternoon Mrs. Harrison is in her place, now teaching the Bible lesson to her slaves and now playing the organ and leading in the singing of the hymns of praise. Her house may be filled with charming guests, but, permitting nothing to interrupt her in her religious service, she leaves them to go to her waiting black people.

After Dr. Harrison's death, Mrs. Harrison was married to the Rev. W. A. Stickney, a most godly churchman who did a noble missionary work among the slaves. Like Rev. Mr. Glennie and his assistants, he went from one plantation to another, holding services

and preaching to the slaves. But all that, too, is ended. Yonder in the plantation burial ground, at the foot of a large marble cross, on which is inscribed the Apostles' Creed, are the graves of the saintly mistress and her two husbands. Beyond, separated by a fence is the burial plot in which nearly all the old slaves are sleeping. At the head of each is a white cross of wood, with name, date of death and a Biblical quotation inscribed thereon. The chapel itself is gone, and there is only the memory of a few survivors to tell where it once stood and served.

Rev. R. H. Cobbs, an aged divine, now retired, a son of the first Bishop of Alabama, in a personal letter from his home in Greensboro, July 29, 1915, writes as follows, adding materially to the picture of the religious workers of sixty years ago:

"When I took charge of St. Paul's Parish here, September 1, 1861, I arranged with the vestry that the second service, every Sunday, should be given to the negroes. This plan was faithfully carried out. The church building was opened, the pews placed at their disposal, the organist and choir were in place, and I preached to them as faithfully as I could for four years. The number of baptisms, marriages and funerals recorded in the Parish register proves that, so far as the church was concerned, the negroes enjoyed all the privileges of the white race.

"The Rev. W. A. Stickney, one of the most experienced and devoted priests in our diocese, was placed by the Bishop in charge of four of the largest plantations in our part of the State. On two of these beautiful chapels were built, and on the others appropriate rooms were arranged for service. Mr. Stickney gave his whole time to this work, and no congregations in the land were more faithfully instructed."

At Faunsdale, as in other white homes of the neighborhood, there was a tutor and governess, whose

duty it was to educate, train and care for the children of the family. A teacher of music and dancing would be employed for the whole neighborhood, who gave lessons and brought the young people together at the various houses in succession. Music and dancing were everyday matters, and there were grand social entertainments. Besides in each home there was a library, generally of first class, for the masters, mistresses and their children were a reading people, and a taste for the best in literature was sedulously cultivated.

Mrs. Harrison, though a devout Christian and a self-sacrificing religious teacher, was none the less a most determined woman. It is related that once, during the war, when Jupiter, her faithful carriage driver, was unjustly arrested and held in prison, she and her daughter went armed to the trial, bent on seeing that he was not hanged, as he would have been, had he been convicted. Happily, a good lawyer brought out the facts and secured Jupiter's acquittal, and the ladies were not put to the necessity of saving the life of their servant.

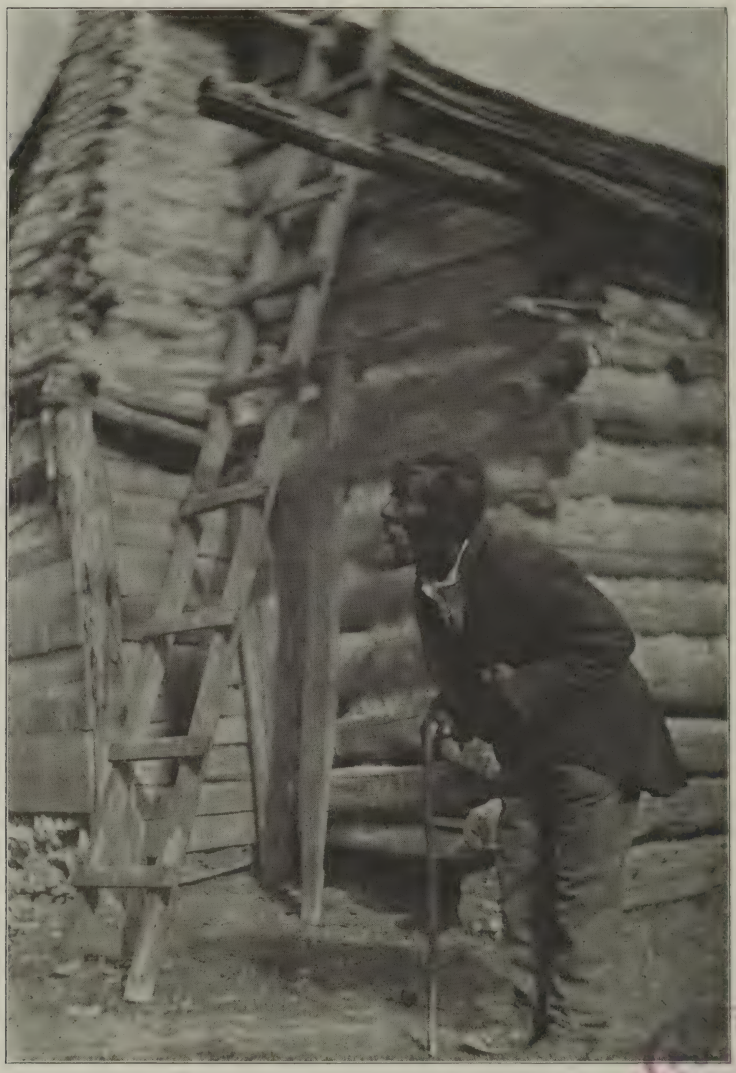
MURRIAH FLOOD

Born a slave of Mrs. Thomas Harrison, Faunsdale Plantation. After the war, she went to Washington with her husband, where she had an unhappy experience. She returned to Faunsdale and is now nurse to her former mistress's great-grandchildren.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Aunt Betty"

She was the slave of Mr. Walker, at Faunsdale, and was the cook for Rev. Mr. Harrison, Rector of St. Michael's. The picture, taken in Aunt Betty's home, shows a typical cabin interior.



"Uncle Jack"

Who lives on a plantation at Faunsdale. He wears his hair braided in pig-tails and declares that he "dunno what Marse Lincoln meant settin' ol' folks free. Dis darky's hea't is jes pahboiled wid woe."

"DAR'S A SPOT MIGHTY DEAR"

THE accompanying picture was taken in the cemetery on the Faunsdale Plantation, where others besides the Harrisons buried their dead. The negro is a former slave and is very old and feeble. He is kneeling at the grave of his favorite young master who was killed in the war. Colonel K. C. D. Du Bose's three sons lie side by side, at the head of each grave, a

At His Master's Grave

cross of wood, no better than those which mark the graves of Mr. Harrison's slaves. Yet Colonel Du Bose was a man of wealth and belonged to the aristocracy of Alabama; nobody ever appealed to him for help in vain. Two of his sons were killed in the war. The same day they were brought home to be buried, a third son died, and the three were buried at the same time.

"Mammy" Sara, the faithful "black mammy," dressed in mourning, went to the funeral with the fam-

ily. Taking some earth from each of the graves, she tied it in a handkerchief and took it home. She at once went to bed, and, though the best medical skill was called to attend her, she died three days later—it was said, of a broken heart. Just before she passed into the Great Beyond, she cried out: "Oh, marster! I see my boys, every one of them!" She died rejoicing. Under her pillow they found the handkerchief containing the earth from the graves.

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"Aunt Jonas"

She is Drualla Jones, aged ninety-four, and was the slave of Thomas Ferrell. She and two others were the only old slaves I found who were not loyal to their owners. During the war she tried to burn her master's house.

"AUNT CHARLOTTE"

AUNT CHARLOTTE, when I encountered her, was in Savannah, Georgia, standing near where persons pass on their way to the ocean steamers. She stopped me and asked for help. I replied that I would help her if she would allow me to make a picture of her. It was late and cloudy, but I wished to talk with her.

"Is your old master living?" I asked.

"Lan' sakes alive, no! Do you suppose, if my ol' marster was livin,' I'd be standin' heah beggin' foh sumpun t' eat? No, indeed. As long 's he libed, I had all I needed."

"Didn't you leave him after the surrender?"

"Leave him aftah de *what?* I nevah lef' him aftah nothin'. I stay wid my ol' marster till he died."

"Who was your master?"

"My ol' marster was John W. Cooper. Didn't yo' know him?"

"No, I never knew Mr. Cooper."

"Well, that *do* seem strange. He had a orphan 'sylum, an' I thought ebrybody knowed *him.*"

"Aunt Charlotte"

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

"AUNT AFRICA"

UNT AFRICA was the slave of Mr. Jacky Brown, Greenville, North Carolina. She is blind and helpless now, and is placed in her cabin door where she sits all day long. Her children died when young. During the war she was not quite as loyal to her white folks as was her niece, "Aunt Martha," who lives with her and helps to support her. But in these later years her love for her "old folks at home" seems to have returned.

"Aunt Africa"

"Ise gwine t' heah dem heabenly ban's
An' feel de tech of de ole-time han's
Dat long hab passed away."

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Rice Fields From the Avenue of Live Oaks
Caledonia Plantation.

RICE PLANTATIONS ON THE COAST

CALEDONIA PLANTATION lies below Georgetown, South Carolina, on the Waccamaw river and on the Atlantic coast. It is one of the very largest of its kind and is beautifully kept, reminding one of the magnificent plantations of the period before the war. The neat cabins of the house servants nestle near the mansion, and off in the distance are the "quarters"—or, as the negroes in that part of South Carolina call them, "streets." There are so many cabins that a stranger might easily mistake them for a small village.

Mrs. N., the owner of Caledonia Plantation, was kind enough to permit the reproduction in this volume of sermons which the rector, Rev. Mr. Glennie, preached to the slaves.

"AUNT PHEBE"

UNT PHEBE COLLINS was a slave on a rice plantation between the South Carolina coast and the Waccamaw river. Her dress and general appearance are typical of that part of the state. One sees just such women, with their hoes, everywhere. They work in the fields for thirty cents a day and furnish their own dinner. Their dialect is very different from that of the negroes in other parts of the South, and even by the negroes of North Carolina, the speech of the rice plantation negroes is hardly understood. When women like "Aunt Phebe" meet strangers, they make a most profound curtsy and for a bit of change they bow nearly to the ground. "Aunt Phebe" and her husband make a "pray house" of their cabin. No doubt she has visions like the rest.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Aunt Phebe" Collins

Religious services of the emotional order are held in her house.

"Aunt Lucy"

She is the oldest of the former slaves at Hermitage Plantation, being nearly one hundred. The cabin shown is also one of the oldest.

"The Mansion"

THE HERMITAGE PLANTATION

THE Hermitage Plantation, which was originally owned by Henry McAlpine, is located three miles from Savannah, Georgia. During his life the place was prosperous and well kept; but at his death, the property fell into the hands of his son who, under the changed conditions following the Civil War, lives in Savannah and rents the cabins and land to negroes. The mansion itself, here pictured, is unoccupied. The opposite side faces the river and is architecturally so much like the one shown that one is at a loss to know which is the front of the house.

Of the many cabins on the plantation, some are intact and habitable, while others are in ruins. All are built of brick.

Overseer's House, Hermitage Plantation

Ruins of Slave Hospital, Hermitage

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TYPES OF PRESENT DAY NEGRO WOMEN, HERMITAGE PLANTATION

THE "QUARTERS" AT HERMITAGE PLANTATION

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Caledonia Plantation.

CHRISTMAS ON THE PLANTATION

NOWHERE in all the land was Christmas more notably observed than on the plantations before the war. The mansion was, of course, the center of attraction, for there the master and mistress were making preparations for the pleasure, not only of themselves and their guests, but also of the whole retinue of servants. Those were the days when guests came, not for a few hours or a day, but for a week or more. Hospitality was unstinted, and in the giving and the taking, there was the true joy of life.

What those Christmas parties in the mansion were has been happily told by Thomas Nelson Page in "Unc' Edinburg," and by other writers of the South. Fair women and brave men there met for a merry-making which, though genuine, was truly courtly in its dress and deportment. There were the reception, the supper and the dance, varied perhaps with blind man's buff among the younger people and such honied diversions as are suggested by the hanging bough of mistletoe. Of all this, we may be sure, the house servants were in-

terested observers, in spirit participating in the pleasures of the master and his guests and preparing themselves for those holiday events in which they were later to be the principal participants.

If Christmas eve was the time of the gathering in the mansion, it was no less a time of activity in the cabins. In the minds of all who were not busy with the preparation, there was the keenest anticipation, for the cabin-dwellers knew they were not to be forgotten. At many of the plantation houses, a bell was rung on Christmas morning calling the servants to the house to receive the gifts prepared for them. It may well be imagined that this was an occasion of mutual enjoyment, not only because it is more blessed to give than to receive, but also because the happiness of a primitive people, like that of children, is always a pleasing sight. Later, after the first inspection of the presents had been completed, the bell was again rung, and the servants all proceeded to the chapel for the religious service of the day. Later came the Christmas feast for the servants, usually in the laundry, or other large room, and at night the dance for the adults and some other amusement, perhaps a taffy-pulling for the children.

The scenes incident to the dance in the quarters, have been inimitably described and forever preserved in verse by the late Irwin Russell in his poem, "Christmas Night in the Quarters." He tells how, with the blacks all gathered for the frolic, Parson Brown offers prayer, citing the example of David, making the excuse that "people raly ought to dance when Christmus comes along," and invoking a blessing that will "stay wid us until we comes to die, an' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky."

The "Amen" was hardly spoken when the fiddler is heard tuning up his instrument and the call comes, "Git yo' pardners, fust kwatillion!" The response is

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"See Brudder Brown—whose saving grace
Would sanctify a quarter race—
Out on the crowded floor advance
To 'beg a blessin' on dis dance'."

prompt and the dancing begins, growing fast and furious as it proceeds. A supper follows that defies the poet's description, and then more dancing which continues till all

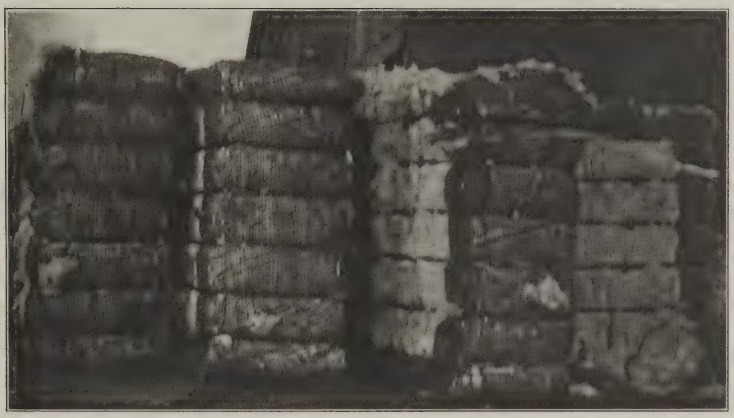
"hear the signal sound to go
From what few cocks are left to crow."

"Git yo' pahdnahs, fust kwattillion.
Stomp yo' feet an' raise 'em high;
Tune is: 'Oh, dat watah-million!
Gwine to git to home bime-bye!' "

But the dancers, though weary, are not yet content. They call for a story, and so old Booker gets his banjo out and, to a tune all his own, relates a legend in which Noah and his ark are made to figure. Then they all reluctantly go home, singing

"Oh! what a blessin' tw'u'd ha' been,
Ef Santy had been born a twin!
We'd hab two Chrismusses a yeah—
Or p'r'aps one brudder'd settle heah."

Joel Chandler Harris called this negro operetta of Irwin Russell inimitable and declared that in it "the old life before the war is reproduced with a fidelity that is marvelous." If these conditions were not everywhere found in the South, it is enough to know that they were found on many plantations and were typical of the best, which there has too often been a disposition to hide.



"Set to Me, Miss Flora"

THE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF AUNT FLORA

MOSS GROVE, the home of Col. James Bolton, on the banks of the Mississippi river, was a typical old Southern plantation home, where there was peace and plenty, for white and black. Colonel Bolton owned several plantations, but Moss Grove was his home, and he expended a great deal of time and money on its comfort and adornment. He was a very wealthy man and owned more than three hundred slaves.

Louise Scott Pyrnelle, who wrote this story, was a most charming and cultured lady. She wrote "Diddy, Dumps and Tot" (Harper & Brothers), the most pleasing story of plantation life for children ever written. She was one of the three sisters in the story. "The Courtship and Marriage of Aunt Flora" is also an incident in her own life on her own plantation. Like "Diddy, Dumps and Tot," this story is true, except for an occasional embellishment permitted to all story-tellers. Many masters had a white clergyman perform all marriage ceremonies; other masters humored their slaves, and left the choice with them, as Colonel Bolton did.

No king ever had, or deserved to have, more loyal and loving subjects, and the truth and honesty of his negroes were beautiful tributes to his life and teaching. He was worthy to be called master, and every slave felt it an honor to belong to him. Of all the slaves at Moss Grove, Aunt Flora, the cook, was perhaps the favorite. Of course in such a home, where there were always guests, there must be more than one cook, and so Aunt Flora had several "assistants," but she was the "head cook"; she directed, and seasoned, and tasted, and fussed, and fumed, and "went on" all the time; but turned out perfect marvels of the culinary art, and the fame of Aunt Flora's cooking extended throughout the State. Colonel Bolton was wont to say that everything Aunt Flora had a finger in was sure to taste good.

Aunt Flora was indeed a noted cook, and was on that account, the most valuable slave that Colonel Bolton owned, and she was fully appreciated by her master and mistress, but was very unpopular among the negroes.

In the first place she was not an inherited slave. Col. Bolton's father had bought Aunt Flora's mother for a cook, and though Aunt Flora herself was born at Moss Grove, she was considered "a bought 'oman" by the Bolton negroes, whose ancestors, for generations, had belonged to the Boltons.

Aunt Flora declared that her "whi' fo'ks" were all Bishops—her mother had been purchased from the estate of a man named Bishop, who had died insolvent, and whose slaves had therefore been sold—and resented the fact that the other negroes didn't like her, by picking a quarrel with any of them who ventured into her kitchen, winding up by saying, "I don't swashuwate wid you low-lifeded niggers. I belongst to de highstockratcy myse'f, an' I want you to leab my kitchen." Aunt

Flora was very black and sleek, and had a fine figure and might have been considered handsome, if one eye had not been afflicted with a most outlandish and unnatural looking leer, which caused it to "roll around" continually. She described this peculiar condition of her eye as "lookin' every way fuh Sunday," and when Colonel Bolton's little son, in his inquisitive childhood asked, "What makes yo' eye do that away, Aunt Flora?" she replied:

"Well, honey, de reasonin' an' de incasion uv hits bein' dat away, is dis: Yo' see my mammy, she wuz cross-eyed in de right eye; an' my daddy, he wus cross-eyed in de lef' eye; an' dis off eye o' mine, hit tuck after 'em bof; hit's crossed to de right lak my mammy's, an' hit's crossed to de lef, lak my daddy's; an' dat's hoccum she to roll roun' in dat onstrep'rous an' ondesatisfyin' way w'at she do roll."

Whether Aunt Flora's solution of her deformity was the correct one or not, the eye certainly detracted very much from her appearance; and that detraction, coupled with the fact that a "squinch-eyed 'oman" was supposed by the negroes to be "onlucky" and to "see sperits," may have been the cause of Aunt Flora's failure to find a mate until quite late in life; which is unusual among the "dusky belles" who generally begin to marry at an early age. At any rate Aunt Flora remained in a state of single blessedness until she was way into her thirties. The winter of her thirty-sixth birthday, her master, Col. Bolton, had to go down to New Orleans to purchase the supplies for the year. He had been waiting since early morning for the boat, and was unwilling to leave the landing and go to the house, for fear the boat might come in his absence. It was a damp, cold, rainy day, and the Colonel was hungry and uncomfortable and as miserable as men generally are under those circumstances, when Aunt

Flora walked into the "Landing House" with a nice hot lunch that she had prepared for him. Touched by her kind thoughtfulness the Colonel asked her:

"What shall I bring you from the city, Flora?"

"A husbun' ef yo' please sah," was the unexpected reply. "I wants a ginger-cake cullud man; I infers dat color myse'f, fur a man, mo'n I duz yaller or black airy one. Deze yuh men on dis place, dey ain't wuf pickin' up in de road; allers gwine on 'bout wall eyes, an' cock-eyes, an' all sich oudec'ous an' unpro'ious talkin' like dem. But I teke topic'lar notice do' dat dey's all mighty willin' futter hang ron' my kitchen ever chance dey gits, to git a mouffle or two uv some o' my good cookin's. I teks spech'ul notice uv dat fac', wall eyes or cock eyes airy one. But I don't want none o' deze yuh men; an' I don't 'speck none o' deze mens wants me, leastways dey ain't nuber tongued it, ef dey do, an' so bein's you is so gin'rous futter ax me w'at I wants yo' to fetch me back f'um de big city, I des ans'ers yo' far an' squar', bedout 'squisin' no fac's, I wants yo' to fotch me back a husbun' sah; tall and slim, good natur'd, bedout too much whisky drinkin's bout'n him, an' ginger-cake cullud ef yo' please."

Col. Bolton, though both amused and surprised at Aunt Flora's simple hearted request, determined to gratify it if possible; and so after transacting his business with his commission merchants, for the sale of his cotton, and laying in the supplies needed on his plantations, for white and black, he visited the different negro traders' camps to find Aunt Flora's "husbun'."

There were three camps in the city, and Col. Bolton spent some time in each one, talking with the negro men as well as with the spectators, and finally selected "John Bull," a splendid looking negro, tall, slim, active and strong, very good natured, and as ginger-cake colored as one could desire.

Col. Bolton did not think it worth while to investigate the young man's "whisky lubin" propensities, as he knew there could scarcely be found one, in the Southland, nor for that matter, in all Africa, innocent of that charge.

Having selected John Bull, the Colonel had a talk with him, told him of his bright black girl, who was a splendid cook, and a favorite slave with her mistress and himself, told him also that he wished to purchase a man especially to be her husband, and asked him if he would like to marry her.

John was much pleased with Colonel Bolton's kind face and gentle, courteous manner, and thought a home with him would be a happy exchange for his wandering life, and present uncomfortable quarters—to say nothing of the possibility of a dreadful future—and declared that he was anxious to marry; that he thought a black skin beautiful; that he doted on a good cook, and was ready, willing and anxious to claim his unseen bride.

Whereupon Col. Bolton paid the speculator fifteen hundred dollars—the price demanded—and in a week or ten days he, with John Bull, landed safely at the Moss Grove plantation.

When Aunt Flora was called in to see the newly purchased "husbun'," she expressed herself as being very much pleased; indeed, she said that he "suited her adzackerly"; and when her mistress asked her how she liked him, she answered very coyly, "Now, Missus, I ain' gwan' 'squize no fac's, I feel lak I'm too sponsibul a 'oman futter be squizin' fac's, so I gwan tell yo' de gorspel truf hitse'f. I sho' feels intotched with him, caze my heart tuck'n flopt right ober in my breas'; an' dat's hoccum I 'spec' lak I'm in lub an' I ain't fell'd in nudder, I'm done tuck'n pitched in, haid fo'mus—or rudder heart fo'must, de way I feels."

John Bull, being a stranger on the plantation, did not express his feelings, but he sat all "scrooched" up over the kitchen fire, as if he was in deep thought, and said nothing. But the next morning he sought his new owner and said to him timidly:

"Mahstah, will yo' listen to me a minute ef yo' please, sah? I ain't a man w'at say w'at he don't mean, an' in gin'l I duz des pint blank lak I say I gwan do. But let 'lone all dat, I'd lak to git a 'scusin ef yo' please, sah, f'um dat promus w'at I gun yo' futter marry on to dat cook 'oman o' yourn; I don't like de look o' dat eye uv hern, sah. Hit's true yo' tol' me hit had a cas' in it, but hit pyeah lak to me hit got mo'n one cas' in it. De 'spression uv hit's onnatch'l; hit look des lak hit's a lookin' all roun' eber whah, at de same times, an' a eye w'at kin do dat sah, kin look straight ways, an' side ways, an' up an' down, an' roun' an' roun,' kin not only see w'at a man's doin', but kin see w'at a man's thinkin' 'bout; an' mo'n dat, hit kin see w'at he ain't thinkin' 'bout, an' w'at he ain't nub'r had in his min' in his lifetime, sah; an' sich eyes as dem, has got a bi'dolical look, an' I'd des well come right out an' say a deb'lish look, caze dat's des prezeck'ly wat dey got. An' dey's bleedged futter be onhealthy an' corntagious fur dem fo'ks w'at dey lights on. So, ef yo' please to gib me a scusin' f'um dat promus w'at I gun yo', I b'liebes I'd druther go back to de speculator's camp an' tek my chance agin, dan to spouse into de wedlock o' mattero'-mony wid sich a puncheratin' eye as dat."

"Well, John, I'm sorry you are disappointed," said Col. Bolton. "And of course I will not urge upon you, nor even advise a union distasteful to you; but my wife and I think a great deal of Flora, and we can not have her mortified or annoyed by your remaining on this plantation, nor do I care to part with you; you are a valuable negro, strong, healthy, intelligent and

good natured, so I will let you go to my plantation on the prairies; I will give you a note to the overseer in the morning, and send you over there."

And so the next morning John Bull was sent to the "Flat Woods" plantation, and Mrs. Bolton softened the blow to Aunt Flora, by telling her that John preferred to wait until he and Flora knew each other better, before marrying.

"You see, Flora," said her mistress, "he may think perhaps, that your master is urging this marriage upon you, against your wishes, and he's afraid it might make you dislike him, if he seemed willing to it, and I really think his reluctance shows a delicacy of feeling."

Aunt Flora was very much disappointed at this failure of her hopes, but she accepted her mistress's version of the matter, and told her intimate friends that the marriage was only postponed, and that she and "Mr. Bull Bolton" both preferred long engagements, so the parties could become better acquainted. This engagement, however, was destined to be of short duration, for two weeks had barely elapsed before John Bull appeared one night at Moss Grove and, finding Col. Bolton alone in the library, said, sheepishly:

"Mastah, I 'spec' you gwan think I'm one o' deze yuh onruliabull niggers, w'at don't know dey own mindses, atter dey done make 'em up; but I come to ax yo, sah, ef yo'll gi'me one mo' chancet at dat squincht-eyed cook 'oman o' yourn. I don't like de looks o' dat eye o' hern sah, an' I ain't gwan make no 'tensions dat a way, but I'd druver be ma'ied to dat 'oman, wid dat dang'ous eye an' all, dan to stay down on dat Flat Woods place, in all dat mud, sah; caz w'en I puts my feetses down in dat mud, I dunno whedder I eber is gwan git 'em out agin; an' I hyeah de fo'ks say dat ef a man lib in dat mud kentry long 'nuff, his laigs'll git to be nine foot long by stretchin' 'em, a tryin' to

pull 'em out o' dat mud, an' ef yo'll 'low me to change my min' des one mo' time, I'm here, sah, futter fillful my promus, an' to enter into de spouzemunt uv de bonds uv matterо'mony long wid dat cook 'oman wid dat promisc'ous lookin' eye."

Colonel Bolton notified Aunt Flora of John Bull's willingness to enter into the state of matrimony, and she expressed herself as being glad to have the engagement terminate in marriage, and so preparations were begun at once for the wedding, which was to take place on the following Saturday night. Mrs. Bolton, assisted by two seamstresses, made the wedding dress, which with the entire costume, was a present from Flora's mistress.

Besides superintending, and assisting in the preparation of the bride's costume, Mrs. Bolton opened her smoke-house and store-room and furnished supplies for the wedding supper; and went into the kitchen herself and helped with the cake-baking; and when the laundry was neatly cleaned, and decorated with vines and flowers and the table set out with all the good things prepared for the "marriage feast," the room presented quite a bridal appearance.

The negroes from three of Col. Bolton's plantations were invited to the wedding, besides the house servants, and the young negroes from the neighboring plantations, so quite a large company was expected to attend the festivities.

Mrs. Bolton acted as lady's maid on the occasion and dressed Aunt Flora for her marriage, and there never had been a plantation bride more beautifully dressed, or more enthusiastically admired.

The marriage took place in the double parlors of the "whifo'ks" house, and Uncle Jonah the negro preacher, performed the ceremony, and read (?) the service of the Episcopal church (which the negroes

called "de whifo'ks chu'ch") from the big red prayer book, that had belonged to Col. Bolton's grandmother. Uncle Jonah could not read in any other book, and he could read nothing in that book, except the wedding ceremony, yet he indignantly denied that he knew the marriage service by heart.

Aunt Flora dressed in Mrs. Bolton's room, and when the guests were all assembled, John Bull and his three groomsmen, (there were always three attendants at a plantation wedding), entered the house by the back door, met the bride and her three bridesmaids in the up-stairs hall, and escorted them down the front stairs, and into the parlor, at one end of which, Uncle Jonah stood by a table, with the prayer book open before him.

The bride wore a white Swiss muslin dress, low-necked and short sleeved, and with a long train; she had a wreath of white roses and buds on her head, and a veil of new white mosquito netting. The white slippers were made of a pair of shoes cut down and covered with white bleached domestic, as neither white slippers nor shoes could be found in Aunt Flora's number. There was also a pair of white cotton gloves, and last but far from least, there was a sash of white "satting ribbing" and a string of white beads for her neck.

The first bridesmaid wore a pink muslin dress and sash, with a wreath of pink flowers on her head. The second bridesmaid wore a blue dress and sash, and a wreath of blue flowers, and the third maiden wore a green dress and sash and a wreath of ivy leaves.

John Bull was attired in a new "pepper and salt" suit with white vest, tie, and gloves, and a white rose-bud tied with long streams of white ribbon, pinned on to the left breast of his coat. The three groomsmen were all neatly dressed in their "Sunday best," with

ties to match the color of the dresses worn by their respective ladies, and flowers of the same color pinned on their coats.

The bridal party marched in (to a march played by Mrs. Bolton) and took their stand before Uncle Jonah. The old man raised the prayer book in his hand, and began the service with the first words on that page, which were these: "The form of Solemniaztion of Matrimony," which he read (?) very solemnly thus: "The frown for Solamon's sakin for Macarony," and continued to read (?) or recite in the same manner, every word on the page, rubric and all, till he had read the words, "The minister shall say to the man,"—when he looked very searchingly at John Bull and asked:

"M, wilt thou have this woman to thy widowed wife, etc., etc."

"Yes sah, ef yo' please, sah," replied John Bull.

"The man shall answer, I will," prompted Uncle Jonah, loud enough to be heard all over the room.

"The man shall answer, I will," repeated John Bull, who was so embarrassed, with his "gloves," and his "rose bud" and his "white streamers," that he scarcely knew what he was saying.

Then turning to Aunt Flora, Uncle Jonah said: "The minister shall say to the woman, 'N, wilt thou have this man to thy widowed husban', etc., etc."

"Yes sah, thanky sah," replied Aunt Flora very shyly.

"The woman shall answer, I will," prompted Uncle Jonah.

"The woman shall answer, I will," repeated Aunt Flora, just as John Bull had done.

"Then shall the minister say, 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' " continued Uncle Jonah, reading from the service.

And Uncle Ajax, the carriage driver, who had been requested by the bride, to perform this office,

stepped forward, made a low bow, and said, in a loud voice:

"Then shall this man say, I will," made another obeisance, and sat down.

And now John Bull, taking Aunt Flora's hand, repeated after Uncle Jonah:

"I, M. take thee, N. to be my widowed wife, etc., etc.

After which, Aunt Flora, taking John's hand, made the same pledge, "I, N. take thee, M. to be my widowed husbun," etc., with great gravity and decorum.

And here I must state, that later in the evening Col. Bolton's little son, with the insatiable curiosity of childhood, asked Uncle Jonah why he called John Bull M. and Aunt Flora N.?

Uncle Jonah scratched his grey head reflectively for a moment, and replied:

"Well, yo' see, little Mahstah, dem's dey Heb'nly names. Mackemorony is a Heb'nly cornstitution, an' you mustn't use no yearthly names in it."

Uncle Jonah continued the marriage ceremony repeating every word of the rubric, just as he came to them, until the service, as given in the prayer book, was completed, and he then requested the couple to kneel down, and, laying his hands on their heads, he said very impressively:

"Now, as de minister of Gawd, an' in His name's sake I do herein an' hereby preform these things, an' do now purnounce you a man, an' his wife, an' reclaim to all de worl' dat you twins shall be one fish, recordin' to de Gawspul scriptuh, hencefort an' fuhreber, amen!"

"An' now in continuration an' seclusion," he added as they rose from their knees, "I comman's de groom futter solute de bride, an' requeses de bride futter stay soluted."

At this John Bull raised the mosquito net veil, very cautiously, and kissed his bride full on her thick lips. John then turned to his groomsmen, and said, with a flourish of his hands: "Gempluns, I 'wards yo' all de same right an' commission, wid my lady, an' wid yo' owns, an' each udders; an' 'cepts de same fuh myse'f."

Upon which the groom proceeded to kiss the bridesmaids, and the groomsmen to kiss first the bride, and then her maids, amid the tittering and laughing of the guests. The newly married pair then received the congratulations of their friends, and the crowd repaired to the laundry for supper.

The good things were plentiful; for Col. Bolton and his wife had been very generous with Aunt Flora; and there was an abundant supply for all; consisting of barbecued meats, chickens (cooked in various ways), hams, some vegetables, hot biscuits, rolls and batter bread, custard, blanc mange, ambrosia, cakes of all sorts, preserves, jelly, fruits, nuts and candy.

The refreshments were "set out" on long tables in the laundry, and everybody did justice to the feast.

The bride's behavior at the table was very genteel, and according to "plantation custom on such occasions," Aunt Flora (with her new husband, of course) stood at one end of the head table, with her gloved hands folded helplessly before her, and her eyes cast down upon the floor.

The bride's food, at the wedding supper, was always cut up and, otherwise prepared, by the third bridesmaid, and put into the bride's mouth (by means of spoon, knife or fork) by the second bridesmaid, while the first helped her plate to such food as the bride could be persuaded to partake of. This last was by far the most trying position to fill, for the bride was too overcome with confusion to want anything, and

required a great deal of persuasion to induce her to eat at all.

Lena, Mrs. Bolton's own maid, filled this position of honor to Aunt Flora, and was much perplexed to know what to offer her. After looking over the table to select something that might tempt the appetite, she said:

"My dear Mrs. M." (the bride was called by her Heb'nly name on her wedding night, but never afterwards) "will yo' hab a piece uv de bobecued hawg?"

"No, I thank you, ma'm," replied Aunt Flora with her head very low, and eyes cast down. "I'm bleedged to you but I wouldn't choose none."

"Des try a scrumption, mum," said Lena persuasively. "You know yo' needs sump'n futter sort o' uphol' you up on sich a scasion as dis is. Do, mum, let me cut yo' off de leastes' bit in de worl'."

"I don't seem to feel no incasion futter eat nuf'n 'tall tonight," answered Aunt Flora.

"Ob cose, dat's natch'l," persisted Lena. "But den yo' see yo' don't beblongst to yo'se'f now; yo' gemplun's got a claim on you. Yo' mus'n let yo'se'f git weak an' run'd down, fuh yo' gemplun's sake."

At this strong argument, the bride reluctantly yielded and the least bit of a scrumption of "hawg meat" was laid on her plate. And 'twas the same thing over again with each delicacy. After much coaxing and persuading the bride—for her gemplun's sake—"took something" and made a hearty meal of the food, cut up by "Marthy," the third bridesmaid, and put into her mouth by "Hepsy," the second maid, and swallowed by herself in solemn silence.

The more helpless and delicate the bride, the more beautiful and becoming her behavior was considered.

The plantation weddings were always on Saturday night, and the wedding breakfast—or rather dinner—

on Sunday ended the festivities. By Monday morning the bride—though still a trifle shy, perhaps—was able to eat alone and to "carry her row" in the field.

It was considered on the "Moss Grove" plantation that Aunt Flora "outbrided" all brides, in the exceeding modesty and gentility of her manner, at the nuptial feast. With her eyes cast down (even the obstreperous one behaved better than was expected) and her hands folded, it was impossible, even for her gemplun's sake, to persuade her to eat her share of the excellent supper. I must say, however, that she had provided for this emergency, for when they were arranging the tables, in the morning of the wedding day, Aunt Flora had taken Lena aside and said to her confidentially:

"Now Lena, you put me, in dat cupboard ober dah, dis piece o' pound cake, an' some o' dat spiceded ham, wid a dozen or so o' dem beated biscuits, an' fo' or five o' dem iceded snowballs, an' one o' dem apple pies, an' some o' dem bell flitters, an' a lib'al helpin' o' dat bobecued meat, an' a helpin' o' dat chicken pie, an' a slice o' dem two cakes on dat side. Dah's de dishes, settin' right dah, futter dish it up in, an' dem fo' glass dishes is fuh you to put me some o' dat shakin' jelly, an' some o' dat bileded custud, an' some o' dat 'blue munge' an' some o' dat 'rambrojus' made out'n dem oranges wid cokynuts grittin' on top.

"Now, you 'ten to dat fuh me 'spesh'ly, Lena," urged the bride, "caze yo' know I can't think 'bout eatin's sich a time as dis, but you 'ten to it, an' I'll 'member yo' when I gits a chancet futter sabe yo' some o' de whifo'ks eatin's."

When the supper was over, the tables were taken out of the laundry and "Uncle Lige," an' "Banjer Bill" came in with their banjo and bones, and the dancing

"Set to Yo' Pahtn'hs, Shocktumaloo"

began. The dancers paired off, and formed in a circle, Little Pete in the center, and all began to sing:

"Set to yo' partners shocktumaloo,
Set to yo' partners shocktumaloo,
Set to yo' partners shocktumaloo,
Shocktumaloo my darlin'."

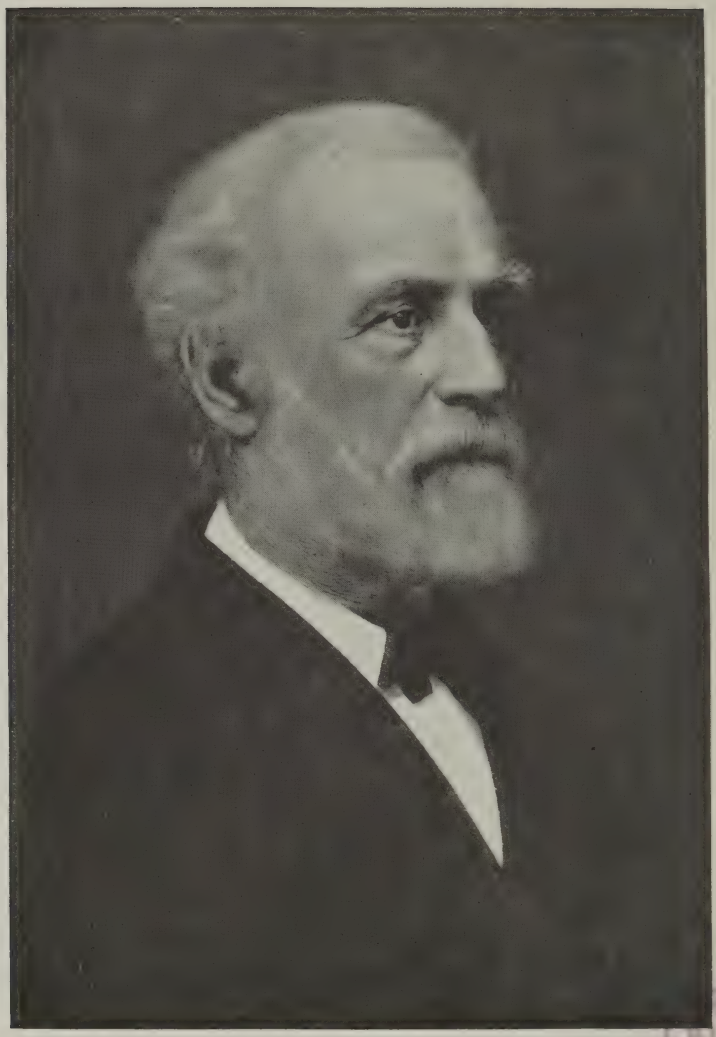
As they sang "Set to your partners," each couple in the circle danced to their partners, while "Little Pete" danced all sorts of intricate steps in the centre, and at the last line, "Shocktumaloo my darlin'" all swung partners with both hands. Then Little Pete

balanced to any lady he chose in the circle, and ought to have led her in the middle and there danced a "set to" with her, but as this was John Bull's wedding Little Pete took his stand in the line and motioned with his hand to John to take the middle. John stepped into the middle, "bowed 'round'" to the ladies, balanced to Aunt Flora and swung her into the middle with him. Then John put his arms "akimbo" at each side, Aunt Flora (having previously pinned up her train) caught her skirts on each side and they "set to." Never had been seen on that plantation such stepping, and back stepping, and crossing and recrossing and bowing and courtesing, and balancing and swinging, and swaying

and turning, and genteel and graceful dancing as was danced by that bride and groom. The dancers in the ring and most of the spectators, too, meanwhile keeping time with the banjo and bones, by patting and clapping, and John frequently calling out loudly, "Set to me, Miss Flora," and Aunt Flora replying modestly, "I'm a settin', Mr. John."

The dancing continued till the "wee sma' hours" and then the bridesmaids and groomsmen, aided and abetted by a large proportion of the wedding guests, escorted the newly made husband and wife to their cabin (which had been neatly cleaned and whitewashed, and newly furnished for them) and left them at the door of their new home.

THE CABIN HOME OF AUNT FLORA AND MR. JOHN



General Robert E. Lee
January 19, 1807 — October 12, 1870
From his last photograph, loaned by Washington and Lee University

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH

THERE is no doubt of the absolute loyalty of the South, but, as one mingles with the survivors of the regime before the Civil War, one cannot fail to feel the impact of the abiding sentiment that that regime was misjudged and that its supporters were unjustly condemned. That sentiment, once a bitter resentment, has now been softened into regret which will be shared by all lovers of fair play, especially when they become aware of the good that was attempted and the happiness that ensued, and now see amid the wreck of plantation homes and chapels the evidence that freedom has not yet brought to the blacks all of the promised boon. Industry has been too often succeeded by idleness and sloth and, where there should be true liberty, there is license which has made life and property unsafe. Following the generation of negroes who were loved for their fidelity and industry, there came a generation that was feared for its untrustworthiness and idleness. Industrial and other education is offering some relief for that condition, but there are still many places in the South where the menace of an uncontrolled savagery is very real.

The South has fully submitted to the change wrought by the war, but one cannot wonder that, under such conditions, one finds welling up in the minds of its older people memories of other days—such, for instance, as are expressed in these lines:

"The Dixie skies are bonnie blue,
And the Southern hearts are warm and true;
Let there be love throughout the world,
The pure white flag of peace, unfurled,
Floats away down south in Dixie.

"In Dixie it is sweet to rove
Through piney wood and sweet-gum grove;
And hark, the rebel mocking-bird,
With sweetest song you ever heard,
Sings away down south in Dixie.

"In other lands 'tis sweet to roam,
But Dixie-land is home, sweet home,
And Southern maid, with simple song,
Loves dear old Dixie, right or wrong.
God bless the land of Dixie."

There are memories, too, of the Civil War. But who would deny these to the people of the South? They would not be Americans, if they could forget or cease to revere the memory of the fathers, husbands, sons and brothers who went out to fight, to suffer and to die for what they believed to be right. It is not difficult, fifty years after the war, for real men and women everywhere to recognize the fine spirit of the South in the great conflict and to admire the courage of those who fought and the devotion of those who remained behind to suffer. It was a Catholic priest, Father Abram Joseph Ryan, who wrote the following stirring lyric, which will be cherished in the South as long as memory endures:

THE SWORD OF LEE

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard where, full long,
    It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the Right, avenging the Wrong,
    Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air,
    Beneath Virginia's sky!
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where the sword led, they would dare
    To follow and to die!

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
    Waved sword from stain so free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had cause so grand,
    Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
    That sword might victor be!
And when our triumph was delayed
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on, while gleamed the blade
    Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, all in vain
    Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
    Proudly and peacefully.

That is no song of hate such as we have recently heard across the seas. It is a song of courage, of mercy, of devotion, of honor, of defeat without a stain. We can all enjoy it, for the virtues it lauds are those we all love.

So, too, we can all enjoy the pathos and tenderness of Rev. John K. White's poem, "The Old Gray Coat," in which the author relates the colloquy between him-

"As I raised it slowly, gently,
Bitter tears rushed to my eyes."

self and the soldier coat he has unexpectedly found among the attic treasures. The coat, it should be said, was worn by Major Giles B. Cooke, of General Robert E. Lee's staff, and was given, after the surrender, to his nephew, the author of the poem. It is now in the museum at Richmond. The accompanying illustration is a reproduction of a photograph made with the kind permission of the Rev. Giles Cooke, rector of a parish in Portsmouth, Va. The poem follows:

THE OLD GRAY COAT

In the garret it is resting,
In the bottom of a trunk;
And for years it has been hidden,
In the deepest slumber sunk.

As I raised it slowly, gently,
Bitter tears rushed to my eyes.
For it brought back recollection,
Which, though sleeping, never dies.

As I pressed my lips upon it,
Soft a voice within it spoke;
It at first seemed misty, dreamy,
But at last it full awoke.

"Where and why, I pray you tell me,
Am I resting quiet now?
And the way in which I came here,
Will you please inform me how?"

"You were placed here by your master,
When he found no use for you."
"And why, I'd have you tell me;
Could I nothing further do?

"Did I not through toilsome marches
Ever stay close by his side?
Did I not the scorching sunshine,
And the biting blast abide?

"Did I ever shrink from bullets?
Did I ever seem to fear,
When the bayonets clashed around me,
Or the bombshells bursting near?

"Was I not a faithful servant?
Did I not my duty well?
Why, then, am I thus discarded?
I entreat you now to tell."

" 'Tis because the war is over;
Yes, the fighting all is done;
For the Northern armies conquered,
And the country now is one."

"Well, but where are Lee and Jackson,
With their armies strong and brave?"
"They have fought their final battle,
They are sleeping in the grave."

"But not all, not all most surely;
Are there not a number left,
Who are not with courage parted,
And are not of honor 'reft?

"Cannot these, with Southern valor,
Sweep the land from sea to sea,
And from ev'ry hated foeman
Thus the Southern nation free?"

"But the South is not a nation,
And the war is long since o'er;
And I tell you peace is reigning
Through the land from shore to shore."

"Did my master e'er surrender?
Sure he died upon the field;
For I know that he would never
For a moment deign to yield."

"But he did indeed surrender,
And he preaches now the Word;
He's an active, earnest worker
In the vineyard of his Lord."

VALENTINE'S RECUMBENT STATUE OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

In the Chancel of the Chapel of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia. Beneath the statue is the mausoleum in which rest the bodies of General Robert E. Lee, his father Light Horse Harry Lee, of Revolutionary war fame, his son General George Washington Custis Lee, a major-general in the Confederate States Army and President of Washington and Lee University, 1870 to 1897, and other members of the Lee family.

General Robert E. Lee's Office

"Probably no spot in the South is possessed of such a wealth of impressive traditions as is this now disused little room underneath the Memorial Chapel. It was here that the Hero of the South presided as head of Washington and Lee University, and today one can see his pens, his books and his letters just as he left them when he left the little office forever."

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